SWANK

MARCH 2008 #135

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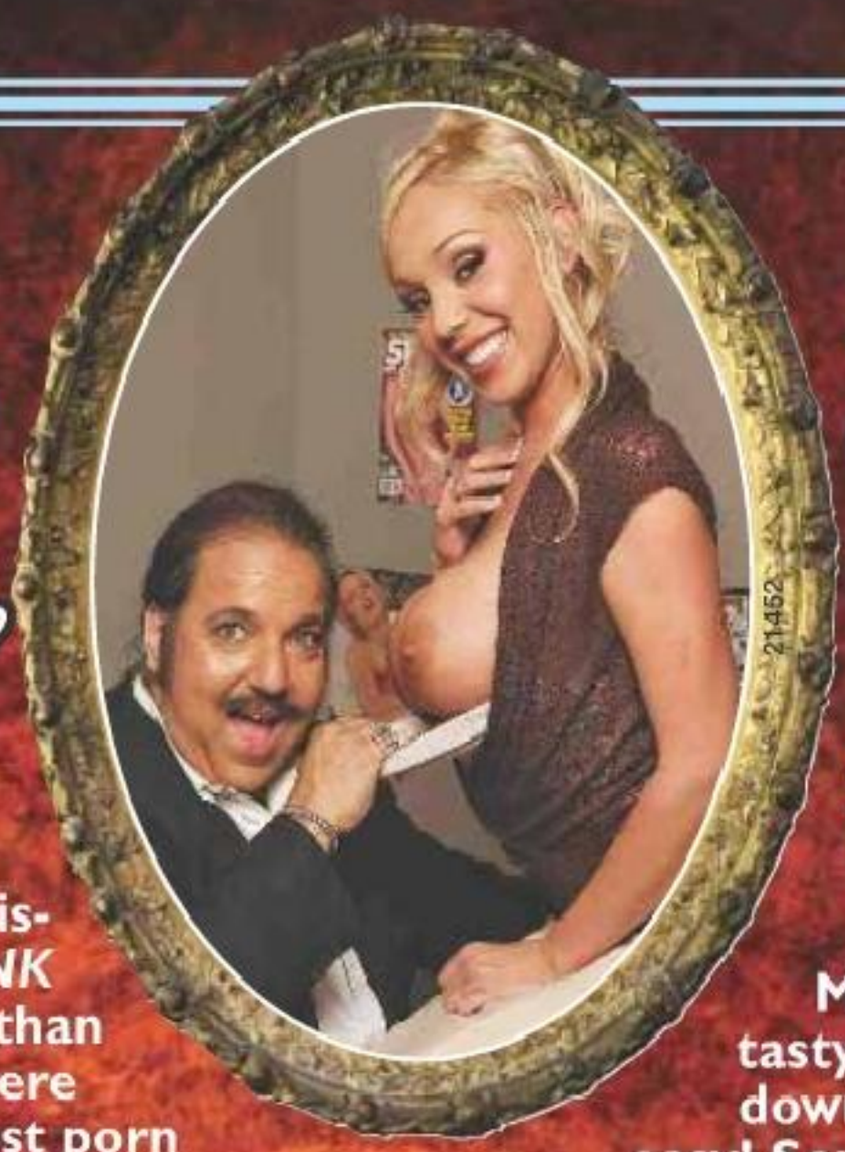
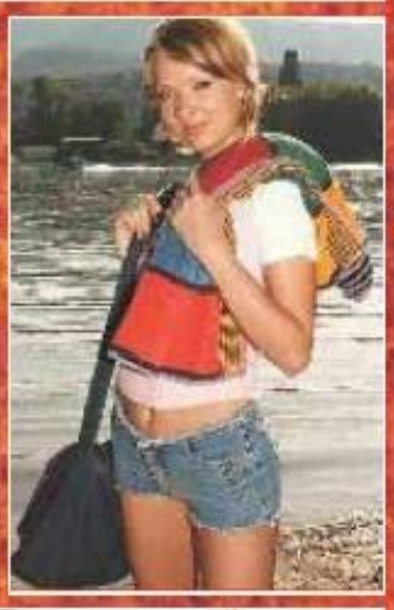


From amateur teen pussy to the hottest, most sophisticated slits around, *SWANK* is back and wetter and better than ever! For anyone who wasn't here last month, welcome to the best porn mag around! For those who were, wel-cum back! Let's get this crazy stuff started, Ron Jeremy style, shall we? We shall! We have chosen the hottest babes on the entire planet to get naked, spread wide open, and do some of the nastiest stuff out there! Thanks to your pals, Ron and Mary, these tasty treats go down nice and easy! Sounds like a good deal to me! Hey, what are you waiting for? Turn the page and get cranking!

-Ron Jeremy & Mary Carey



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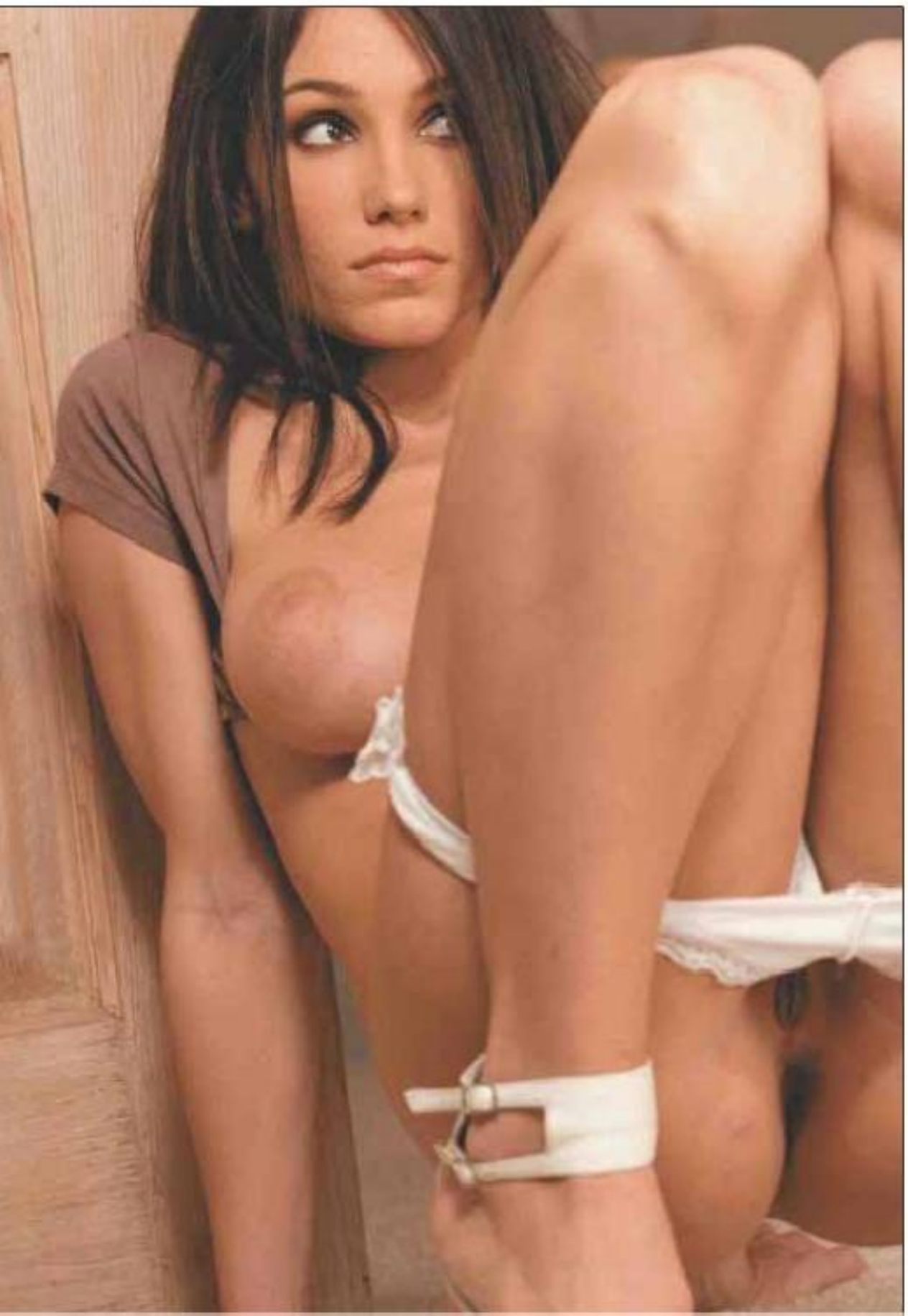

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Mary's Mail Bag

Text by
Mary Carey

SEALED WITH A NASTY KISS!

Hey bitches! What's up! Missed you guys! Just as much as little old porno star babe Mary Carey can miss her zillions of ***SWANK*** fuckin' followers! Get my drift?! But no matter how much I do and can miss you all, the mail just keeps on keeping on. And you know it continues to amaze me that even in this computer day and age how many people still write a letter by hand, put a stamp on an envelope, and drop it in a mailbox. And you know what, I truly dig that! I do! It's so much more personal than email, and has so much more character, and when I sit down amongst the piles of letters my ***SWANK*** office assistants bring into my office to open them all, I feel like the true queen of ***SWANK***! So you know what, it's time for the queen to go to work! I've opened hundreds of your letters just this morning, and I've picked a half dozen of the most interesting and hottest, so let's do it again this month at Mary's Mail Bag!

Renee Rocks!

Hi, Mary, and all the other people at ***SWANK***! I just wanted to drop you a quick note to congratulate you on the December 2007 issue. It made me as horny as hell, and I shot off several times looking through it already, and there are definitely more loads to cum!

I especially want to thank you for the layout of Renee. What a piece of prime ass! But I have a question. Renee has this dildo thing she keeps shoving up her holes and her mouth. I see this type of action a lot in porn mags and movies. Do the porno chicks really get off on these non-human fuck toys, or is it all an act? Your insights would be most welcome.

Thomas V.
Fort Meyers, FL

MARY: *Thanks for the kudos, Tommy! I always love positive feedback, and I'm glad you dug Renee! As for sex toys, you pose an interesting query. I would say that in and out of porn there are girls who can get off on fake cocks, and those that can't, and that's about the long and short of it—no pun intended! Of course, for porn magazine photos and XXX movies the girls will do whatever the director asks of them, and it always looks better and comes off hotter if they are really, really into it. But from my experience while some chicks get achieve great orgasms from such phony phallics, others cannot get anywhere heat-wise without the "real thing." It's all in the genes, Tommy, or in the jeans, one way or another!*

Likes To See Ron J. Fuck!

Wow! Really enjoyed seeing ***SWANK***'s own Ron Jeremy super-fucking that cute blonde Naomi Cruz in the December 2007 issue. You know, I remember the day when we could see Ron getting laid in just about every sex magazine I picked up, and in every porn video I would buy—or shoplift as the case may be. But in recent years I haven't seen so much of him. I hope he is okay.

George T.
St. Louis, MO

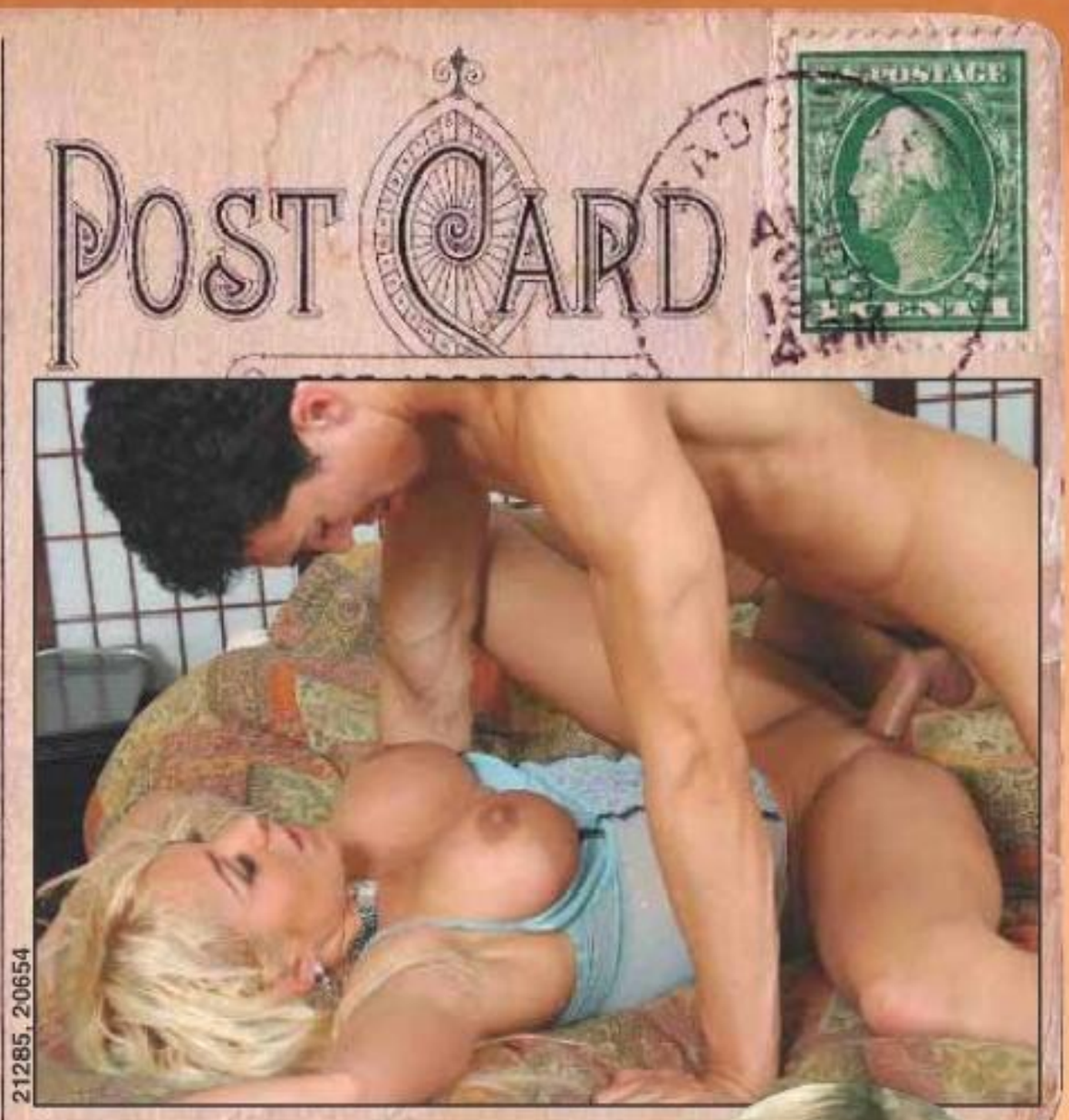
MARY: *Everything is just hunkyfuckingdory with my co-head honcho Ronnie J., George, so don't you worry! The reason you have seen less of Ron's cockings the past few years is because as everyone knows Ron Jeremy has significantly crossed over into a mainstream celebrity, and from TV to magazines to writing his own book, well, who has time to drop pants for a photo-fuck! But we know that his fans worldwide still want to see him get down and dirty and fuck and get sucked—so XXX-pect to see more of Ron in an X-rated way, in* ***SWANK*** *that is, and* ***SWANK*** *only!*

Live Action From Budapest!

Hey Mary, just had to write and tell you how much I really liked the XXX reportage from the "Babe Of The Year Awards" held in Budapest, Hungary in your December 2007 edition. Damn! Are these gals from Eastern Europe fine or fuckin' what! And the winner Nelly is outrageous. I personally love these porno paparazzi-type feature stories from around the globe would like to see more of them in the future in ***SWANK***. Any chance?

Mel H.
Kansas City, KS

MARY: *Lots of chances, Mel! I agree, the Budapest winner Nelly is one royal piece of ass, and I wouldn't mind getting a piece of that action as well! As all well-informed readers know there are these types of sexually oriented erotic events going on all over the planet, and never fear, we have our very own photogs and writers out there to capture it all and put it all*



together for your perusal each month. Mums the word right now, but just watch the next few issues of ***SWANK*** *for some more international cosmopolitan carnalings, the likes of which I can guarantee you, no other skin mag will be carrying—I promise!*

Sluts & Whores

Mary, what's the difference between a slut and a whore?

Horace G.
Dana Point, CA

MARY: *Sluts tend to give their pussies away, while whores charge money to give it up. I love both sluts and whores, so it makes no nevermind to me!*

Horny Jerks!

Mary, I have a problem I am hoping you can help me out with, being that you are an unabashed horny bitch yourself. I am a 24-year-old good looking girl who works as an administrative assistant. All in my life is fine except for one thing—I guess I am kind of a nympho who loves sex all of the time and I am always coming on to guys around me that I find cute. Friends of mine say I have the sexual attitude of a male, because I crave sex 24/7. Anyway, the only problem I am having with this is that while the guys love the fact that I am sexually aggressive, my female friends call me a dirty floozy behind my back. What do I do, I don't want to lose my friends, or all the great hard cock I am getting. Any suggestions?

Jade O.
Easton, PA

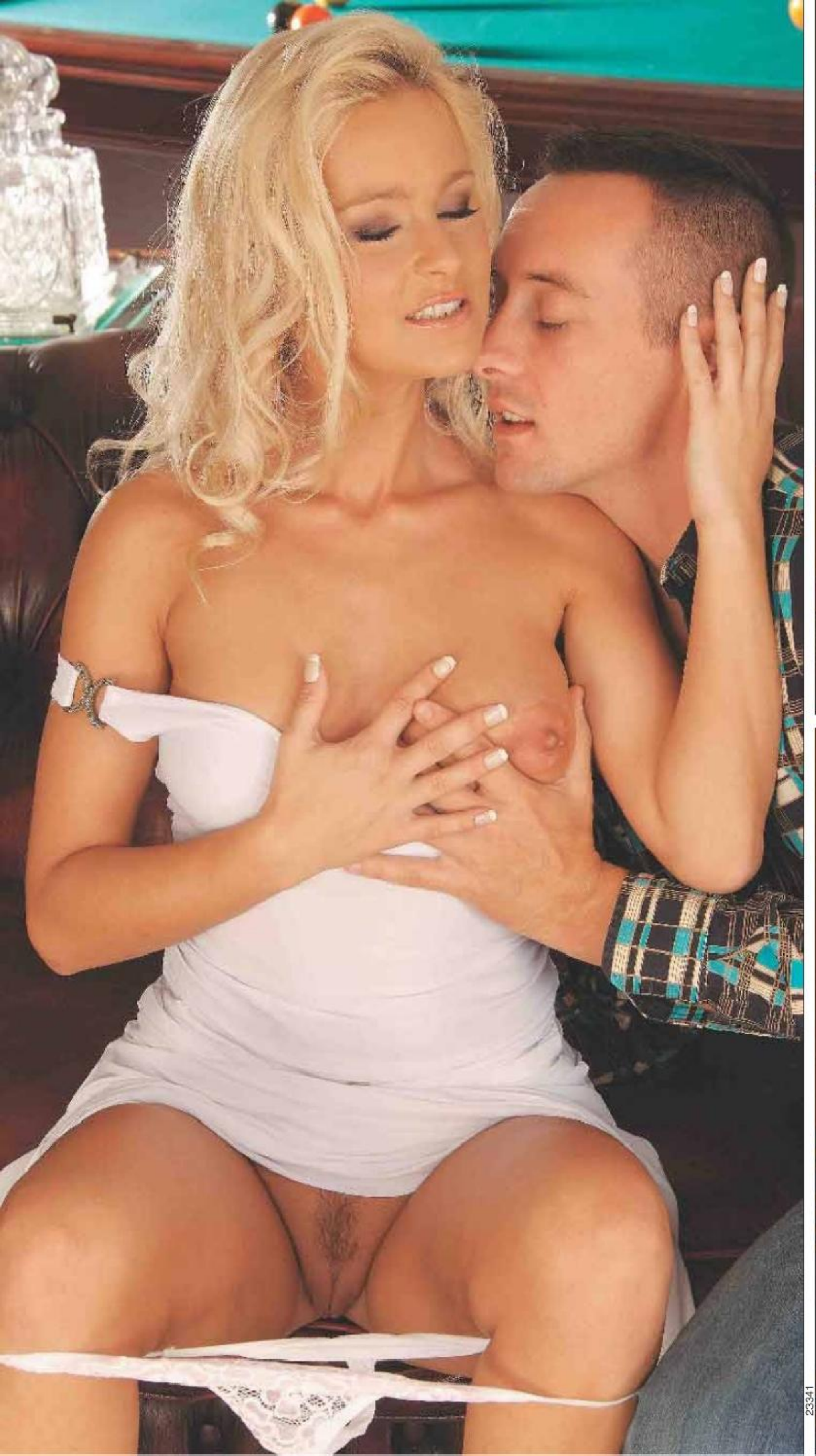
MARY: *Yeah, here's a suggestion, Jade, tell your friends to fuck off! You know, there was a time some years back when I can tell you I was in the same position, I loved sex, but got shit for it from my girlfriends who thought there was something "wrong" with me. And back then I tried to walk a fine line between the two, trying to keep my friends happy, and my pussy as well! I actually would have "secret sex" with my various male lovers, and make it to my friends, that I wasn't doing anything sexual with any of them. But you know what I finally said then, and I say to you now, Jade? Fuck that shit! This is 2008 already baby, and anyone, any girl who is not sexually emancipated by now is the one who has something "wrong" with her, not you or me! Keep the cock and get new friends, Jade, you will be far, far better off!*

Cream Pie High!

Mary, thanks so much for all you have been doing over the past year and more—the magazine sure looks great with you and your porn partner Ron Jeremy at the hardcore helm, your hard work has certainly paid off. The reason I am writing today has to do with the increasing popularity of so-called "cream pies" in XXX fuck flicks—you know, where a guy actually dumps his load into a girl's tight cunt. I personally think this is hot as hell, but isn't this a risky business? Aren't a lot of porn girls getting pregnant or sick as a result? So what's up with that?

Larry E.
Salt Lake City, UT

MARY: *The increase in the number of "cream pies" done in hardcore porn movies is a controversial one, both because obviously such internal cum shots can result in pregnancy and certain sexually transmitted diseases. So before any of your* ***SWANK****ites try it at home, talk to your family physician first. That said, all legitimate mainstream X-rated movies made today are made by performers who are all regularly tested for diseases, and use birth control. So assuming nothing goes wrong, no one is going to get sick or knocked up. Now, of course no form of birth control or test is 100%, but with modern medicine being what it is, it is damn close. And remember, actors in porn films are no different than actors in non-porn films, they engage sometimes in so-called "risky behavior" to make the movies more exciting, whether it is a cream pie in pornos, or some stunt actor jumping off a building in a mainstream action flick. So leave all that to us professionals Larry, and you just enjoy the final products!* □



Nikki & Tristian

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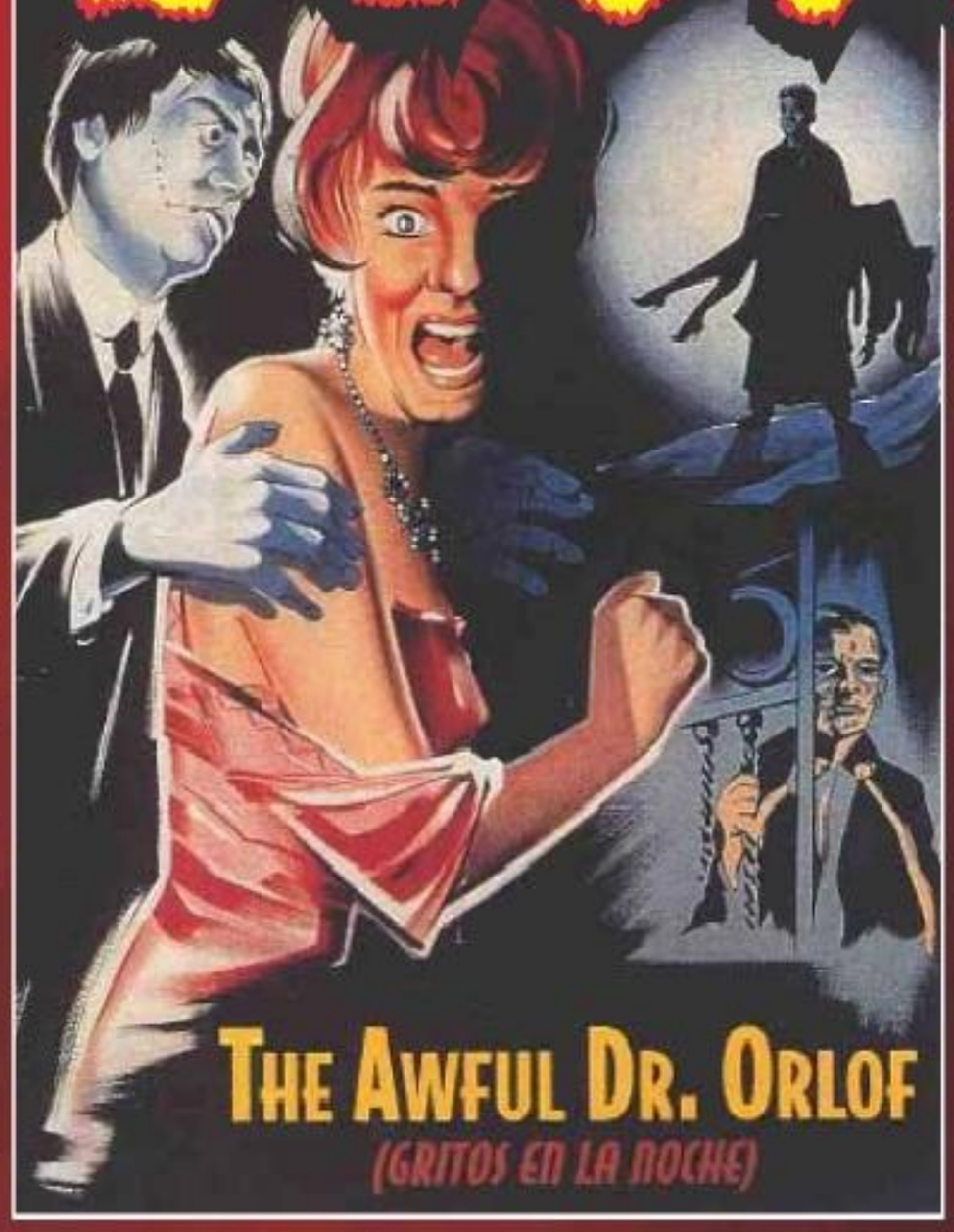
ATTACK OF THE MAD DOCTORS

The mad doctors of the movies are a breed unto themselves. Like movie gangsters, they live by their own laws. You'd better not tell them to do otherwise, or you could end up as one of their human robots, assisting them in their evil deeds! Although you wouldn't want to run into one of these doctors in real life, their lack of inhibitions and their dedication to leading twisted lives according to their own rules make for movies that are fascinating to watch, and even a little disturbing.

The horror films from the mid-1950s to the mid-1960s had a particularly memorable crop of insane medicos, so let's take a look at what they were like.



MIDDLE-AGED MEN WITH DEMENTED GOALS

The typical mad doctor in these films was in his early forties to late fifties. Dr. Charles Decker in Konga (1961) wants to speed up evolution by linking the plant and animal kingdoms. He ends up with a giant gorilla that terrorizes modern London! Dr. Callistratus in Blood of the Vampire (1958) wants to discover the cure for a rare blood disease, of which he is the sole victim during the late 1800s. In pursuing this main goal, he also perfects heart transplants and resurrection of the dead, but these are only minor accomplishments along the way! In more contemporary times, Dr. Peter Bartell of The Flesh Eaters (1962) develops sea creatures that strip humans of their flesh, and he intends to auction these nasty items off as "ultimate weapons" to the warmongering nations of the world. And Dr. Ood of The Head (1959) first wants to transplant the body of a beautiful stripper onto the head of a hunchbacked nurse, and then he wants to make the newly-bodied nurse his girlfriend!

The Awful Dr. Orlof

Konga

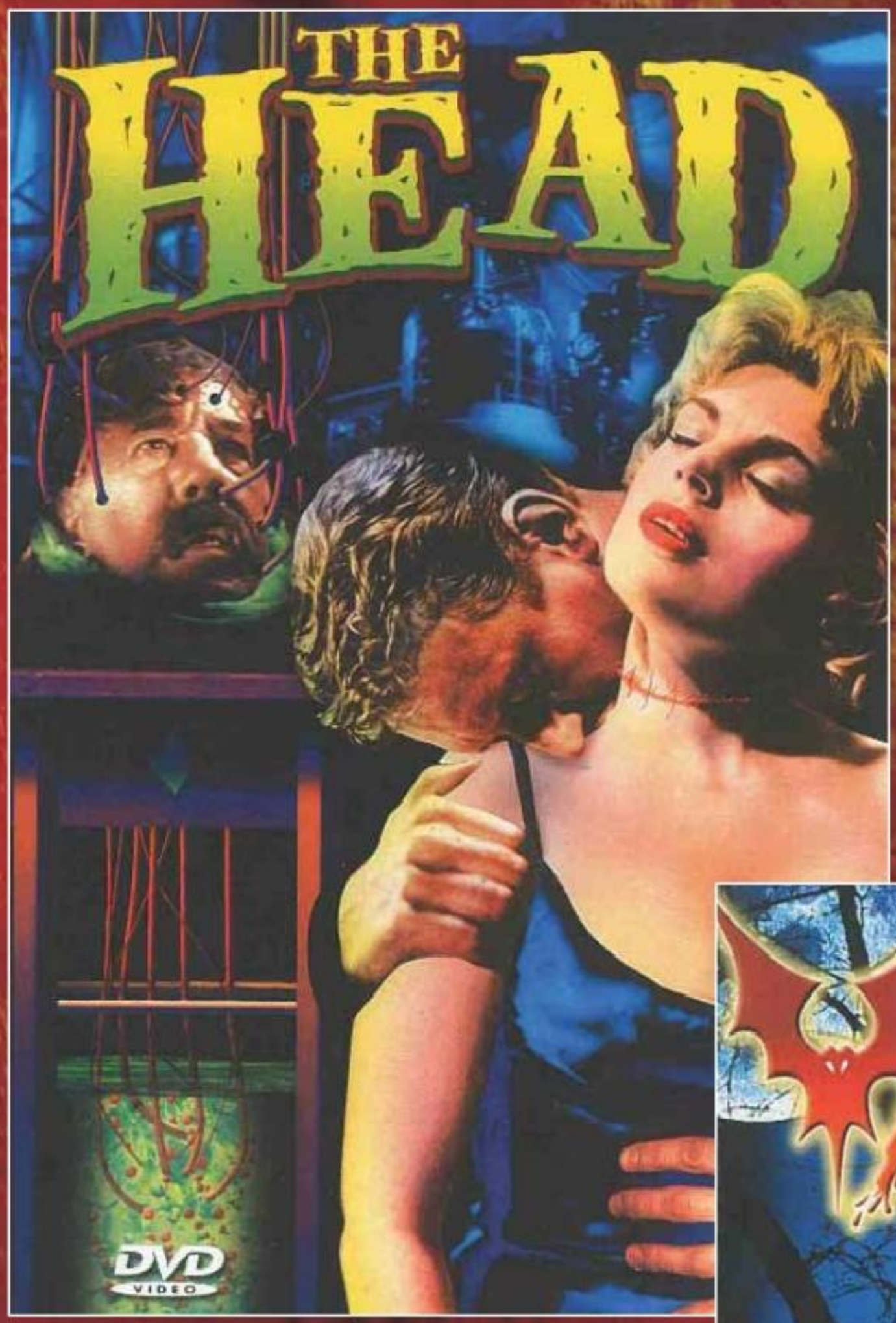
UNLUCKY WITH WOMEN

The mad doctors frequently fret over the fact that the gals whom they desire prefer younger and more normal types. "Muscles and a bit of a suntan don't make a man," says Dr. Bartell in The Flesh Eaters. "Real strength is never a physical thing; knowledge is strength. And self-discipline!" The lady he says this to appears unconvinced. In 1960's Atom Age Vampire, Dr. Levin, who is trying to fix the burned face of a nightclub dancer, despairs that the dancer prefers an airline pilot over him: "If you're ungrateful enough to leave me for a man who has done nothing for you, you deserve nothing else! You love me. You must know you love me. I have snatched you away from desperation and death. It is I who have restored your beauty. It is I who need you and I will never be able to live without you. You're nothing if not mine; you belong to me!" And he turns himself into a monster, Jekyll/Hyde style, to continue her treatments. Although the logic of why he does this is not entirely clear, it makes for some cool transformation scenes!

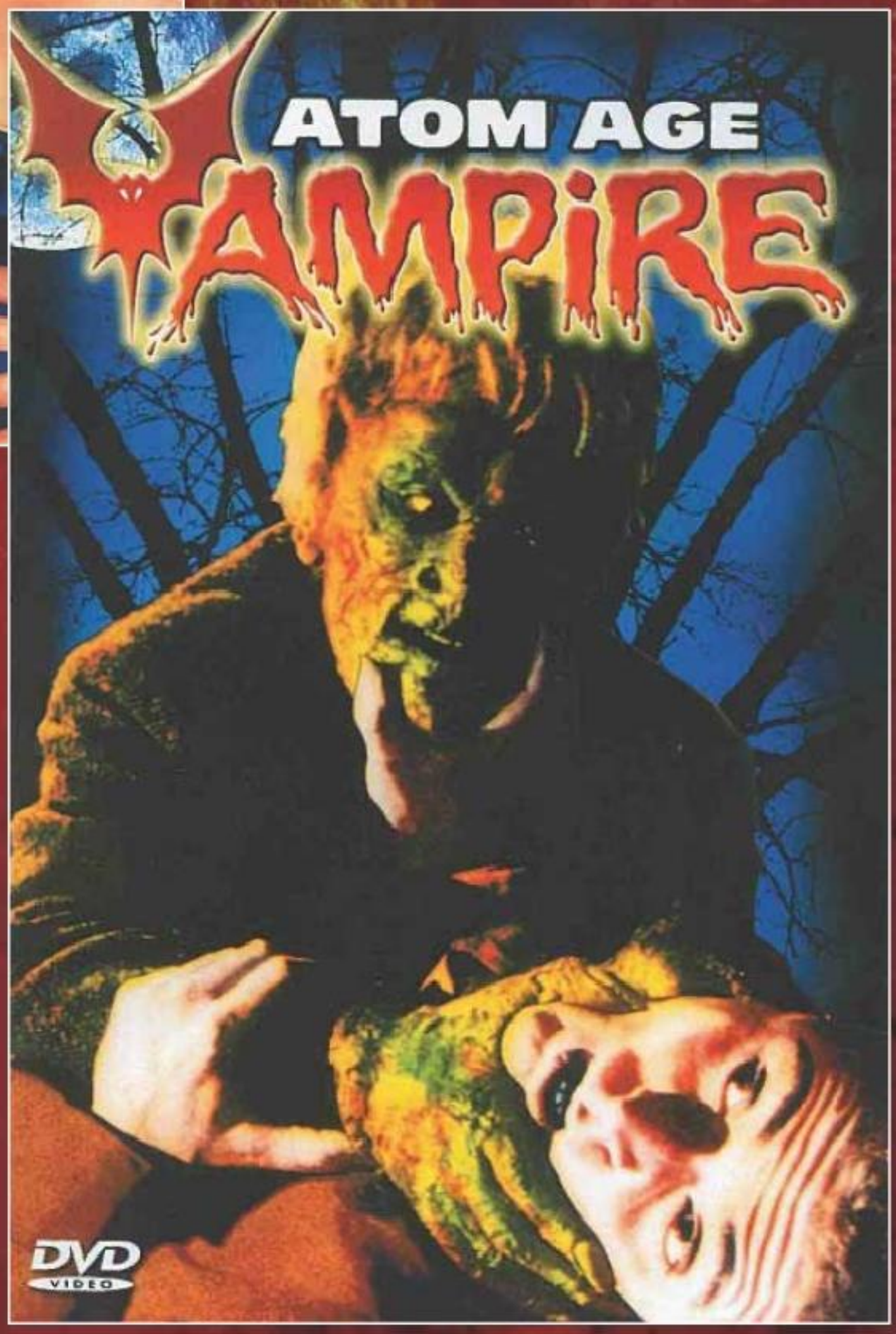
In The Head, Dr. Ood complains to nurse Irene, who now has a lovely body to go with her pretty noggin: "You really prefer a sculptor to me? What a fool you are!" And in 1960's Mill of the Stone Women, a character named Dr. Bolem says to his haughty beloved Elfie, who doesn't show the least bit of appreciation for all the murders and bizarre blood transfusions he's committed to keep her alive: "Don't forget, Elfie, that I'm the only person in the world who knows everything about you. I'm the only person you have a right to love!" Elfie is the daughter of insane wax museum operator Dr. Gregorius Wahl, who rescued Dr. Bolem from the prison where he was serving a sentence for medical malpractice.

It seems that even when you're a genius, it's sometimes hard to get that special someone.

ARTICLE BY NEIL WEXLER



The Brain That Wouldn't Die



The Head

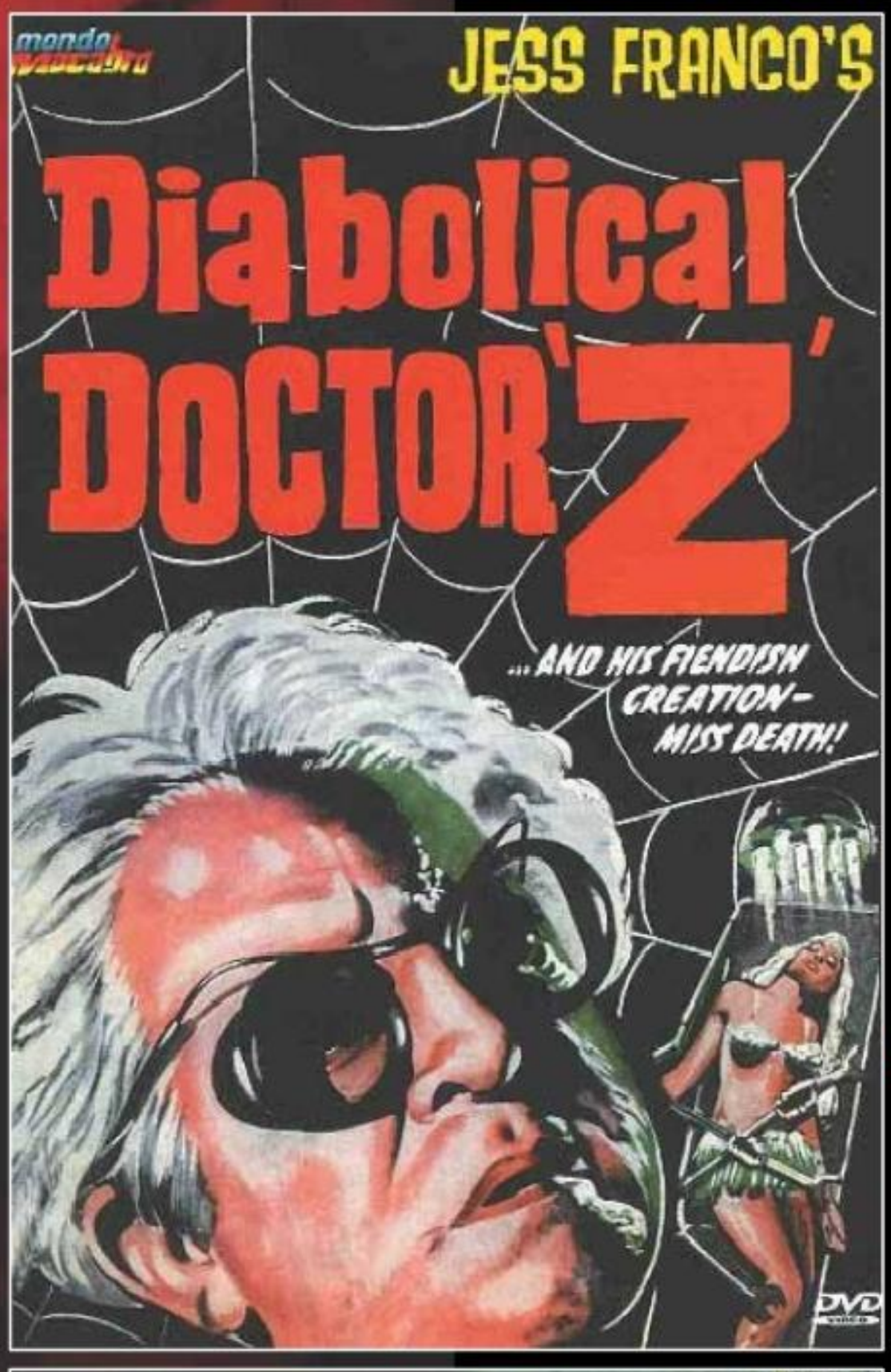
A TASTE FOR NIGHTLIFE

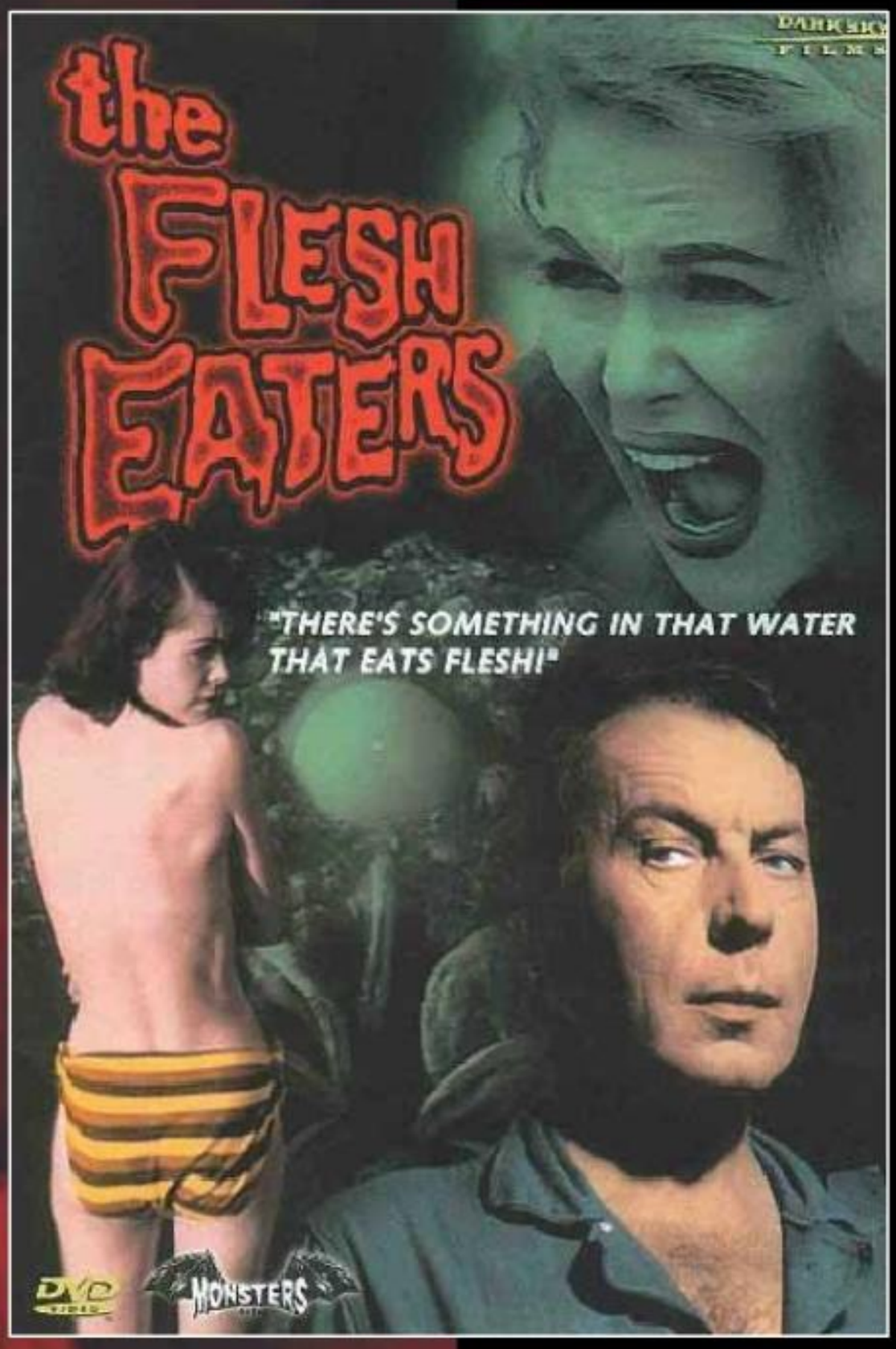
Interestingly, although the mad doctors tend to hole themselves up in their laboratories for long stretches, they sometimes take their breaks in strip joints and nightclubs. Dr. Bolem kidnaps a vivacious redheaded singer named Annie Laurie to supply blood for the fatally anemic Elfie in Mill of the Stone Women, and then he hesitates for a moment before inserting the intravenous needle into Annie, realizing that perhaps this isn't the best way to show appreciation for her sparkle and allure. But at least after her death, he doesn't participate in turning her into an exhibit for Dr. Wahl's wax museum: "Whatever you think of me," he tells Wahl, "I'm a doctor, not a sadistic mummifier of women!"

In 1964's The Awful Dr. Orlof, the title character prowls a smoky early 1900s nightclub where he finds no less than three potential female donors in his quest to locate a new face to replace the burned one of his beloved daughter. His third choice, however, is far more feisty (and luckier) than the first two, and she brings about Orlof's destruction as well as the death of his blind human robot assistant Morpho. A convicted killer, Morpho was turned into a zombie slave by Orlof's weird science, and chases women around in the movie by relying on his sense of hearing, not sight.

But the healer with the sleaziest taste for strippers is undoubtedly Dr. Bill Cortner of 1959's The Brain That Wouldn't Die. Like Dr. Ood of The Head, Bill's looking for a gorgeous body to transplant, in his case onto the head of his tragically decapitated girlfriend Jan—whose noggin he's keeping alive in his lab. Dr. Bill also has a hideous thing in the closet, a giant pinhead who's the result of his earlier botched experiments.

In his early 30s, Cortner is a little younger than his brothers in scientific fiendishness, and he's a little smoother with the patter as he picks up a stripper; appraising her figure, he tells her, "The equipment is standard, but the arrangement is pretty special!" "You could flip any chick in the house!" she replies in her Noo Yawk accent, playing with his tie and getting him in a clinch. Soon he has two strippers fighting over him in the cattiest manner possible! However, when the peelers don't pan out as a source of figure donors for Jan's head, Dr. Bill first checks out a "Body Beautiful Contest," and then a professional pinup model named Doris, whom he tracks down in her private posing studio. Despite her curvy bod, Doris has a scarred face which has made her extremely bitter, and after telling her





"You can't hide yourself away here forever, posing bare for a bunch of neurotics," Bill promises he can fix her face with his plastic surgery skills. When she expresses some distrust at being taken to his home in the middle of the night for an "evaluation," he protests: "Oh come now, Doris, do I look like a maniac who goes around killing girls? You've got to learn to trust people. People like me, really."

The Brain That Wouldn't Die has to be the ultimate story of a girlfriend discovering that her boyfriend is quite different than she ever suspected. Poor Jan doesn't seem at all appreciative that Bill's going to give her a bangin' bod to replace the one she lost in a car accident. Her head standing in a tray of serum, she keeps saying stuff like, "Let me die!" until Dr. Bill finally has to tape her mouth shut so he can get on with the operation to replace her head on Doris' busty frame.

ACCOMPLISHING THE IMPOSSIBLE

If there were an alternative history of science, existing in a parallel universe, many of the movie mad doctors of the 1950s and 1960s would qualify for Nobel Prizes for their achievements, if not for the egotistical and cruel applications of their discoveries. They accomplish remarkable feats in plastic surgery, transplants, evolution, mind control, and of course raising the dead. But "it's no longer sufficient to bring the dead back to life," says Dr. Victor Frankenstein in 1957's The Curse of Frankenstein. "We must create life from the beginning, build our own creature up from nothing, with a perfect physique, the hands of an artist, and the matured brain of a genius!" Indeed, the Victor Frankenstein of this movie is a charming but heartless sociopath who glibly rationalizes the murder of a kindly old doctor to secure a brain for his monster. Then, when his servant girl lover learns too much about his research, he stands by while his monster kills her. A nasty man indeed.

But all these doctors seem to feel the not-so-impossible end justifies the criminal means: "I run every risk necessary for success," says Dr. Orlof. "I'm not bound by rules. I'm above all their laws!" cries Dr. Ood. "I would kill a thousand times before I would admit defeat!" raves Dr. Levin, the Atom Age Vampire. "I have earned the glory that will be mine!!" crows Dr. Decker after having his gorilla kill a scientific competitor in Konga.

THE DOCTOR IS HIS OWN BEST MONSTER

Although these physicians and scientists often have hypnotically controlled or otherwise enslaved lackeys at their command, in the final analysis they are their own most fearsome monsters. Dr. Callistratus in Blood of the Vampire is not actually a vampire, but the superstitious people he encounters in late nineteenth century Europe consider him one because of his experiments with human blood. But he doesn't stop there. Taking a terrified female on a tour of his laboratory underneath the prison for the criminally insane of which he is the warden(!), he explains: "The practical side of my work distresses you, hmm? Come, let me explain. This is a little experiment of mine to determine the effects of deep freezing on the human body." He shows her a man embedded in a block of ice. Then he shows her a man in a coffin: "This man is being kept alive artificially. He has no heart. I have recreated mechanically the stimulus provided by the heartbeat."

Konga

The Awful Dr. Orlof

He points to a big bottle. "Here is his heart, for which he had no further use. I borrowed it, shall we say."

No mad doctor worth his salt will miss an opportunity for the witty, if grim, turn of phrase. Dr. Wahl of Mill of the Stone Women has a supposed "wax" museum of infamous females who met gruesome deaths, like Joan of Arc or Cleopatra, but many of the figures are made of something else entirely. And after he turns the dead singer Annie Laurie into one of those exhibits through his process of hardening human flesh into stone, his associate Dr. Bolem chides, "While you've been playing with death over here, I've triumphed over it!" Bolem then reveals his new serum for prolonging the life of red corpuscles in human blood, crucial to curing Dr. Wahl's daughter Elfie of her bizarre anemia. Bolem's only mistake is to think his reward should be getting Elfie's hand in marriage: "I've committed atrocious crimes for her. I have the right to claim a fair compensation. I want your daughter. I love her and it's due to my efforts alone that she is still alive!" But Dr. Wahl does not agree, and wedding bells do not ring for Dr. Bolem. Indeed, he should have kept his mouth shut.

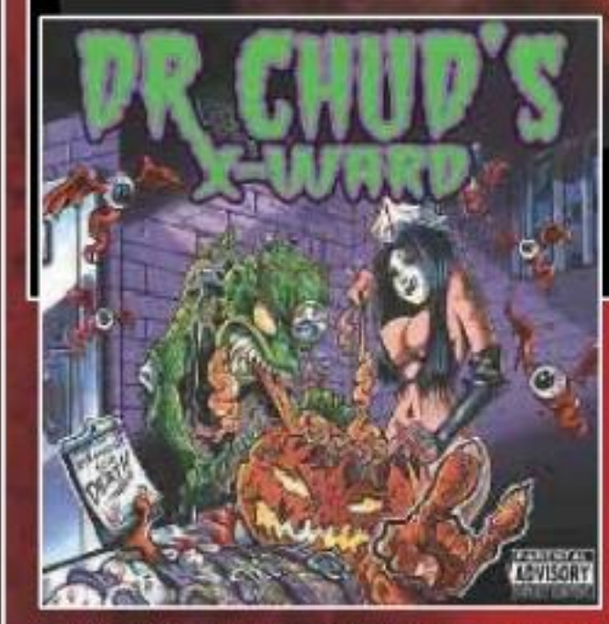
TWO ULTIMATE FIENDS

In 1965's The Diabolical Dr. Z, the title character (the Z is for Zimmer) discovers the exact location of good and evil in the human body, a feat for which he is ridiculed by his skeptical peers. When Dr. Zimmer dies of a heart attack because of the humiliation, his daughter Irma vows to continue his work and avenge him by killing the three scientists who jeered at him most.

Her first task demonstrates that she is the equal of any male mad doctor. She decides she must fake her own death and disappear, so she picks up a lovely blonde hitchhiker. This is a particularly disturbing scene. At a sun-splashed lake, the two gorgeous women take a swim, and then Irma mows the hitchhiker down with her Mercedes, exchanges clothes with her, sets the car on fire, and pushes it into the lake with the dead hitchhiker at the wheel. But Irma gets burned, leading to a rather gruesome scene: she performs plastic surgery upon her own face! The whole sequence seems designed to prove that Irma is truly a tough customer, and it does. She is really "the diabolical Dr. Z" of the title. "It was you who made your father try experiments on human beings!!" says one ill-fated character before Irma turns her into an obedient robot. Irma then enslaves an arty exotic dancer named Miss Death (that nightclub connection again) to become the seducer and destroyer of the men who laughed at her father. After her burn surgery, Irma adopts a look that calls to mind real-life female Nazi doctors, an idea that the movie underlines by showing that Irma has her own private gas chamber for her victims. The Diabolical Dr. Z is one of the most unsettling of these films, especially when Miss Death goes on the prowl for men with her long sharp fingernails dipped in the deadly poison curare.

Finally, we return to Dr. Charles Decker in 1961's Konga. For his sheer

(Continued on page 129)



Speaking of mad doctors...one mad doctor's remedy for severe insanity is music to soothe your savage soul! Dr. Chud! (Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Drummer) That name alone strikes fear and disgust into those unlucky enough to know it. Who is he? Where did he come from? Well, let's try and piece together his checkered and bloody past. Most of you have heard of the abominable doctor from the six years he spent with the legendary punk rock group known as The Misfits. He was drummer/songwriter from 1995-2000 and in that time released three full-length records on two major labels (Geffen & RoadRunner Records), and toured the world extensively, appeared on numerous syndicated television shows, wrestled for World Championship Wrestling (WCW), contributed to punk rock legend Joey Ramone's only solo album "Don't Worry About Me", appeared in George A. Romero's (director of "Night Of The Living Dead") "Bruiser" motion picture, as well as other films such as "Animal Room","Campfire Stories" and "Big Money Hussla". Sewn together the group "Graves". But all that was just a build up; while amassing thousands of fans world wide, Dr. Chud carved the next chapter in this tale, DR. CHUD'S X-WARD. A brand new project showcasing Chud's vocal abilities in an all-out-punk rock-slaughter house.

He launches nationwide tours in and around Halloween every year, with the help from his ghoulmates from the Lodi, NJ band called Sardonica. The "Diagnosis for Death" line-up which includes Sal Bee on bass, The Fish on guitar, and DJ/Drummer AL·X on drums, proves to everyone why Dr. Chud's X-Ward is one of the leaders in horrorpunk today. His first full length Multimedia CD "Diagnosis for Death" is already a monster classic among the underground punk scene. X-Ward brings all of Chud's past fans in, as well as the fans who are finding out about him via his official website: www.drchudsxward.com. The website is complete with all of the Doctors merchandise including CD's, Wardrobe, posters, memorabilia and more.

Visit drchudsxward.com for more info. —*Nurse X*

Caytan

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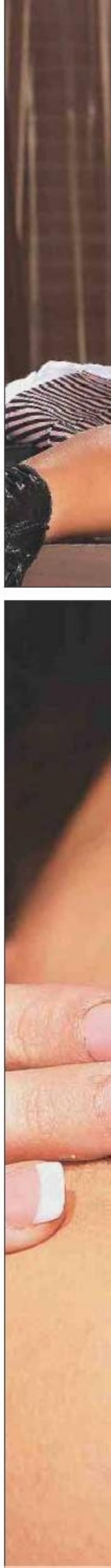


THOSE WERE THE DAYS

'HistorXXX'

Comfortably, but never too comfortably, ensconced in my 35th year of Adult Entertainment Industry involvement, my participation in helping to fornicate as well as formulate its history since 1972 was never more evident than during the summer of 2007 when it seemed like I was riding a perpetual "Memory-Go-Round".

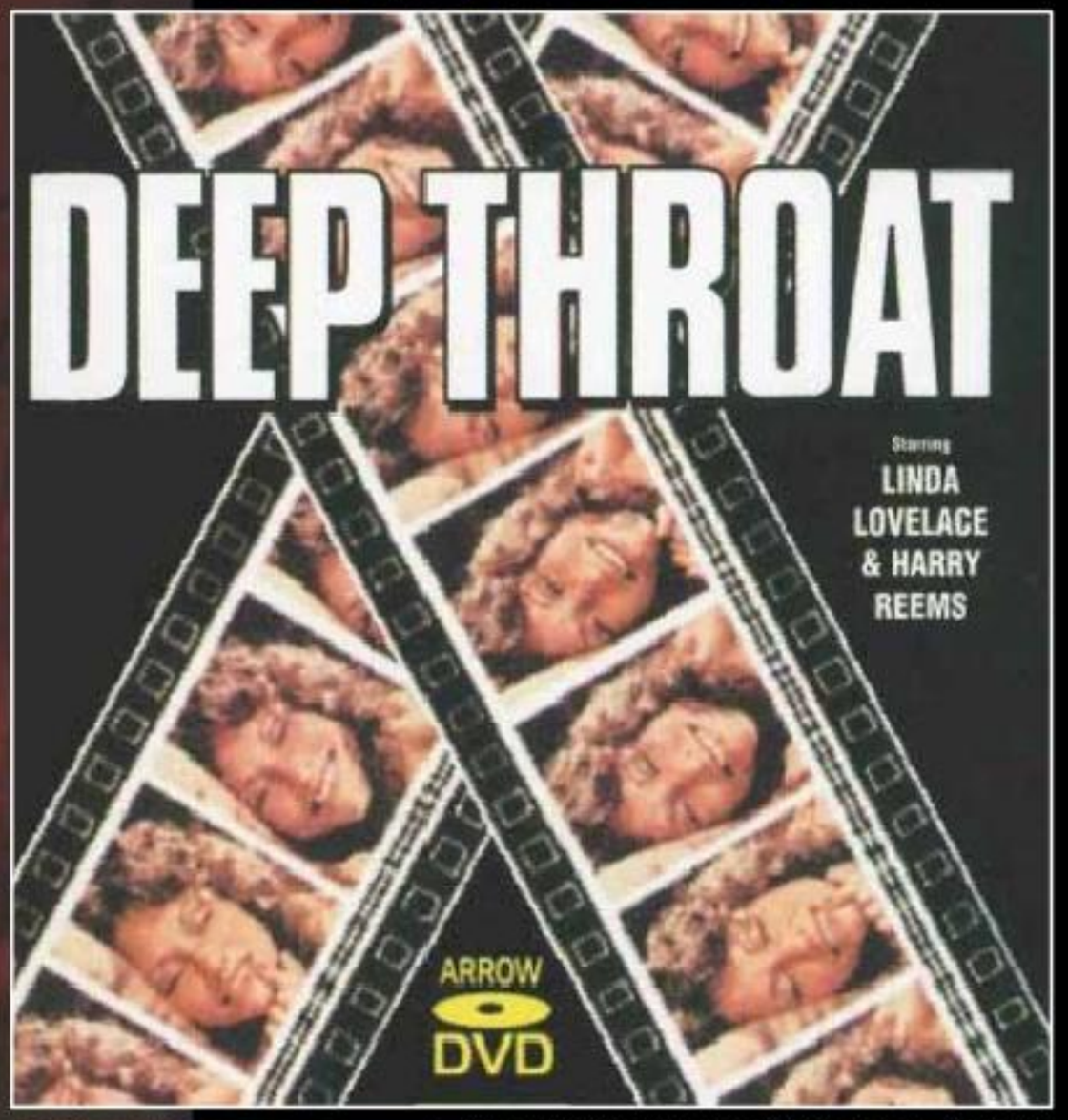
By William Margold

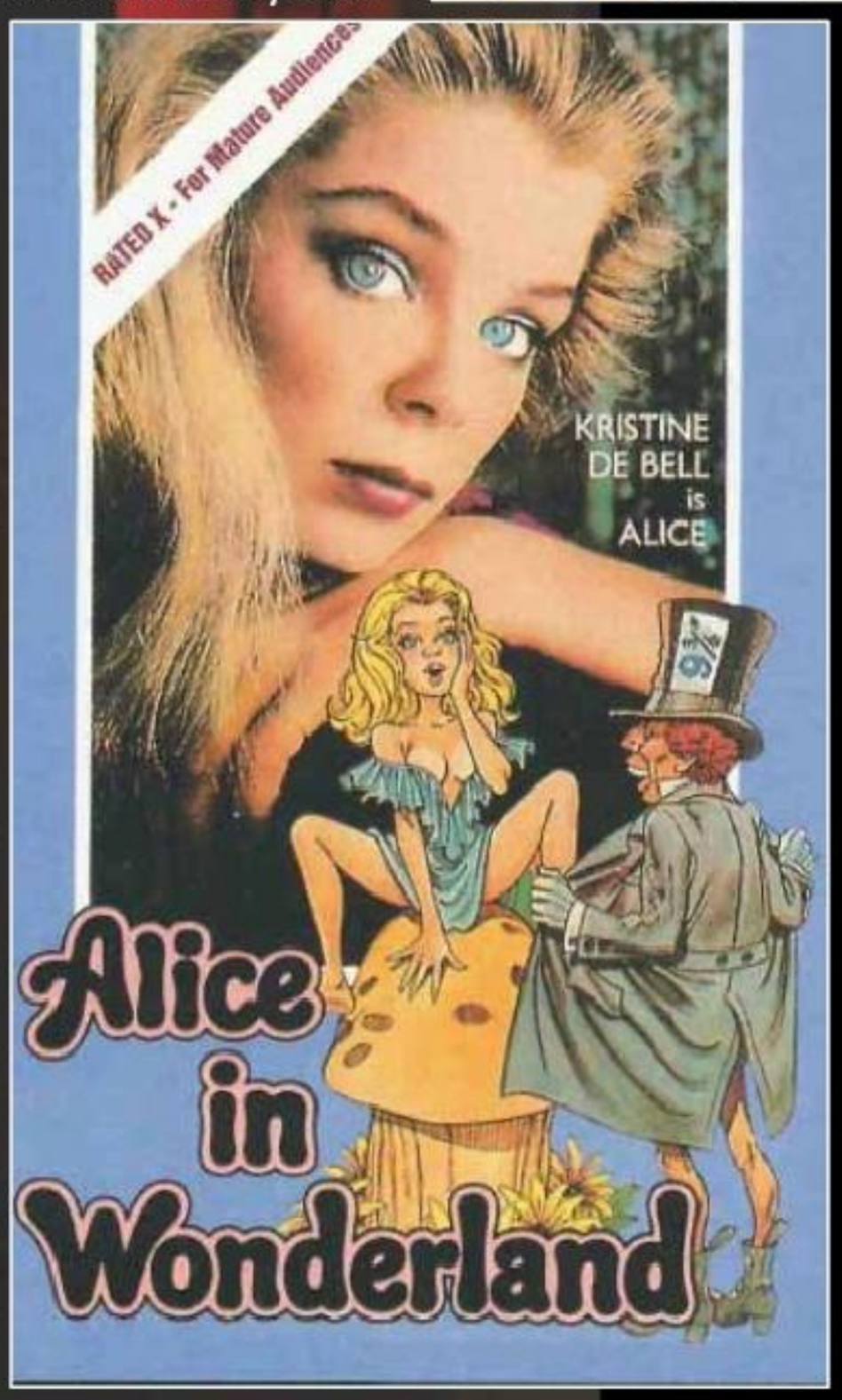
With at least half a dozen projects whirling about me, I found myself deeply immersed in the pulsating past wherein "legends" such as John C. Holmes and Carol Connors collided with Linda Lovelace and Harry Reems, and early films with titles such as "Mona" and "Alice In Wonderland" were discussed within the same week as "Fantasm" and "Fantasm Comes Again" while I took a couple of eager writers exploring the life and times of Holmes on a tour to places in Los Angeles that were noteworthy during the era when "The King" and porn were growing up in the late '60s and throughout the '70s, and then a few days later was on hand to watch Christy Canyon and Paul Thomas (who were part of an imposing research project that I undertook during this time as well) get cemented into Hustler's Walk of Fame–an honor which was bestowed upon me back in January 2002.

Whew! Or something like that.

Now, where to begin?

I guess that the aforementioned research project encompassing the viewing of almost 50 DVDS from a compilation collection called "The Golden Age of Porn" would be the best place, if for no other reason than the majority of the images illuminating these pages have been culled from the publicity materials (DVD box covers) provided by the company that assigned me the very imposing task of tracking down exactly where the scenes of each performer came from. Venturing deep into the overstuffed but hardly cuddly memory racks of my mind, and when that failed to fulfill my quest, utilizing a few invaluable resources including Jim Holliday's seminal "Only The Best"–I was able to place the bare balling body within its proper body of writhing work or the correct bodies with other bodies until almost every hole and pole were plugged into their right carnal credit(s). And so, in groups of 10 at a time over a period of five weekends, I got the glorious chance to revisit a great deal of hardcore history–from Candy Samples to Ginger Lynn to, in keeping with the theme of this piece, Christy Canyon and Paul Thomas–over and over and over until I had almost exactly tracked down each and every source of the masturbatory material. And the experience was as enriching as it was arousing, and even more than that, it was awesome, as I found myself becoming even more appreciative of those whose actions helped to create what I call "HistorXXX."





In fact, after viewing the Paul Thomas (pictured here with Lisa DeLeeuw) collection, wherein his radiance tended to outshine the lusty ladies (including even Annette Haven) that he performed with, I called him, and in a tone of sincere reverence said that his eternal nickname would be "The Golden Boy." I must also mention here that back in 2006, when I was told that Paul was scheduled to become part of Hustler's Walk of Fame, I called him to implore his deferring to the legendary actor Eric Edwards (whose state of health remains tenuous), and in a "beau geste" befitting a "Golden Boy", he did so.

And not wishing to leave the magnificently-mounded Christy Canyon out of this mix, I wound up on the Sirius Radio show that she co-hosts with the equally legendary Ginger Lynn

Candy Samples 2
THE FIRST MILF

Oral Annie

DVD

ASIA
CARRERRA
BEAUTIES FAR EAST
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DESIREE COUSTEAU
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TIGHT YOUNG SNATCH!

TRINITY LOREN

Carol Connors

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TRUE PASSION!
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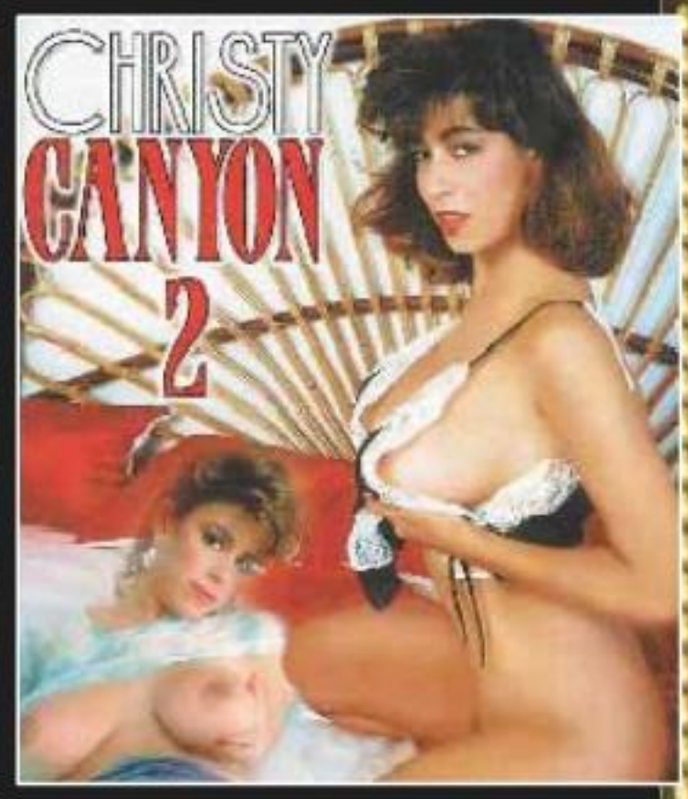
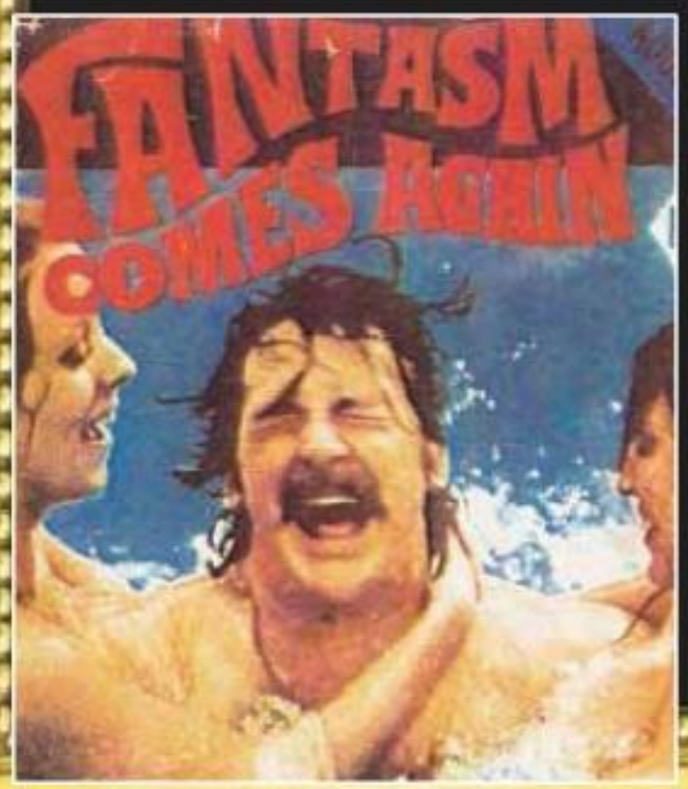
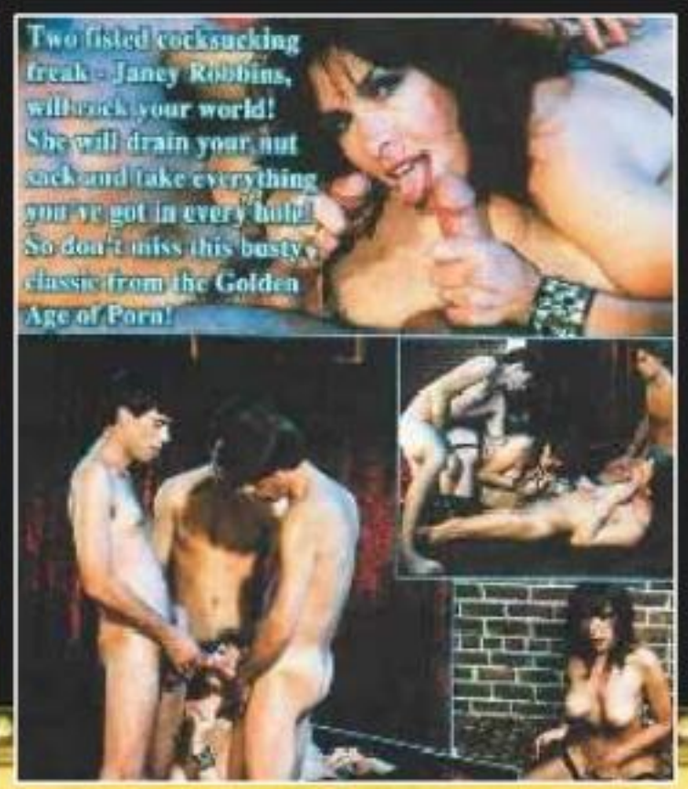
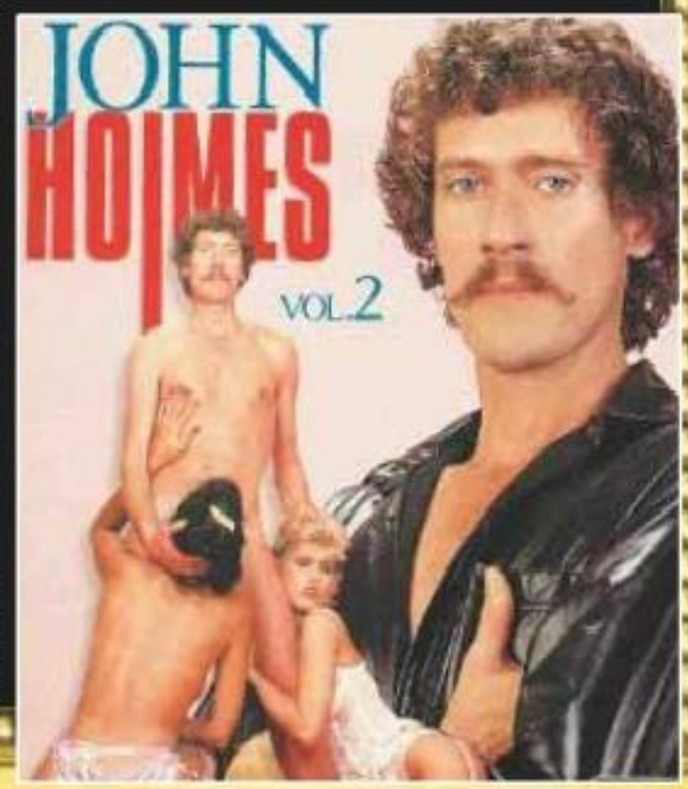
ALL NATURAL SUPERSTAR!


CHRISTY
CANYON
2


FANTASM
COMES AGAIN


Two fisted cocksucking freak - Janey Robbins, will suck your world! She will drain your nut sack and take everything you've got in every hole! So don't miss this busty classic from the Golden Age of Porn!


JOHN
HOLMES
VOL.2

to promote "Bare Bowling" (a "Fun"draiser for Protecting Adult Welfare) wherein I advised Ginger that she was going to be "broasted" at the next Fans of X-Rated Entertainment event in February 2008. (For the record, Christy was "broasted" in 2006.) When I arrived at the Sirius station, I was amused to find both Christy and Ginger in a state of undressed, but hardly unnerved by my presence, activity. Back in the early Fifties, I remember that my mother used to accuse me of "watching the radio." But all that my childhood mind created were images of "The Lone Ranger" and "Sgt. Preston of the Yukon." Now lucky Sirius radio listeners– sensuously stimulated by the sound effects of the eager to please, overly exhibitionistic efforts of Christy and Ginger–have a whole different set of images to play around with. The temptation to join in was overwhelming, but I refrained, and simply enjoyed their show-it-all and tell-it-even-more escapades from the other side of their broadcasting console. About half way through our hour together, they finally, rather reluctantly, wiped off their sweaty private parts, and proceeded to wriggle back into their clothing. And to be honest this part of the show was really a treat. I've always found watching a lady getting dressed to be more erotic wet-daydream igniting than watching her get undressed. Seeing a sexy pair of panties being pulled tight over a pouting pubic mound really makes my balls boil.

During their show, as they alternated between calling me "Papa Bear" and "The Godfather" Christy and Ginger, both of whom I reminded that I had told them they would become "legends" when I first met them back in 1984, thought that it would be great if I were given a Playboy Radio show wherein porn's past could be remembered and revered as only they felt I could. And of course, I instantly came up with the title of such a show: "HistorXXX."

Whether or not this becomes a reality remains to be seen (or heard), but most certainly the series that I have been fortunate enough to create on the pages of *SWANK* is the initial laying of the most gratifying groundwork that I could ever imagine.

Although not directly involved in the making of the sociologically significant "Deep Throat" in 1971, my life became uniquely convoluted with its male star Harry Reems in 1986, and again in 1988. (Those details will be the basis for another "Lays" down the line.) Because, as my record of longevity in X speaks for itself, I was contacted by a friendly fellow who is creating a play about tumultuous times that bred the east Coast created "Deep Throat" and its myriad of sinematic seismic aftershocks. He felt that I would be a "great source of material about that era, from a West Coast point of view." Although I would never dare to assume the mantle of "Hardcore Historian" as that august acknowledgement can only be accorded one gentleman, the late Jim Holliday, whose passing in late 2004 still, and will always rattle my delicate sensibilities, I have proclaimed myself to be "Porn's Practorian"—as I have most certainly practiced what I preach. This sentiment has aroused rumblings from lesser, dare I say "jealous beings" that snidely suggest, "Margold thinks that he owns the history of X." Well to those sanctimonious swine, all I can say is that my historical concern is far less proprietary than it is protective.

And speaking of Holliday, in "Only The Best" he proclaims that the 1970 film "Mona (The Virgin Nymph)" starring Fifi Watson is the "first classic from the explicit film era." I got a chance to finally see it, as a bonus, when I was called upon to discuss another project by its producer Bill Osco—1976's ambitious "Alice In Wonderland" which, literally burbling with song and dance plus the prim but not-so-proper presence of centerfold Kristine DeBell, is considerably more delightful than it is decadent.

And in keeping with the more delightful than decadent, I was asked to comment on my involvement(s) in the making of the Australian-financed "Fantasm" projects for a documentary called 'Not Quite Hollywood." As I fully intend to devote an entire chapter of this series to the "Fantasm" productions (1976-1977), I'll simply whet your appetite for more by letting it be known that I was called upon to stand (and swim) in for "The King" because the pool in which he was going to perform in hadn't been heated. That adventure, which somehow managed to combine a specially crafted motion picture still from "The Wild Bunch", advancing payment to a performer (something that was unheard of, even when the performer was John C. Holmes), my getting a concussion from playing Flag Football, spending a couple of hours being cinematically administered to by three lovely ladies in a pool and not really feeling anything, and finally receiving a letter of thanks from a very grateful "legend," is the tender tip of an erotic and arousing iceberg that was my association with the "Fantasm" films.

Holmes is the massive centerpiece of a book that is being crafted by two of his most devoted fans. At this point the working title, which I am very proud to say I have blessed their pulsating project with, is "A Life Measured In Inches."

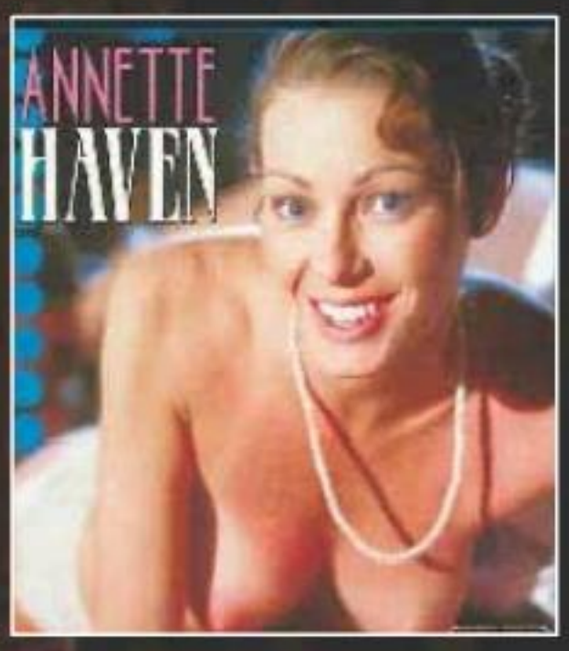
Ever since I conceptualized the acknowledging of Holmes 60th birthday at the now defunct Erotic Museum in Hollywood on August 8, 2004—I have been "godfathering" the writers along, hopefully heading them in as many helpful directions as possible. And in a visit to Los Angeles, I, joined by the supremely talented photographer Kenji (one of Holmes' very few friends) rather solemnly led them on a tour of the locations that Johnny frequented, including his answering service near Santa Monica Blvd. and Western Avenue in Hollywood, such landmarks as The Mayan Theatre on Hill Street in downtown Los Angeles and the complex of buildings on Cordova Street off Vermont Avenue where many of the scenes from the "Johnny Wadd" series were shot.

We then sat in a windblown park that looked down upon Hollywood, and reflected about the impact of John C. and his extremely important place in the adult entertainment industry, as the sun slowly melted into dusk.

It was one of those rare moments in my life when I was truly humbled by the realization of just how fortunate I have been to be in so many right places at so many right times as "HistorXXX" was evolving.

Indeed, "Those Were The Ways" that I spent so many of my "Days" in pursuit of numerous "Lays"!

William Margold's actions and activities have spanned the entire timeline of the modern adult hardcore entertainment industry (1972-present), and along the way, he has founded a number of organizations including The Fans of X-Rated Entertainment (www.foxe.com) and Protecting Adult Welfare (www.pawfoundation.org). For his latest insights about XXX, and other related matters of the heart, the mind, and the soul, visit www.billmargold.com. □



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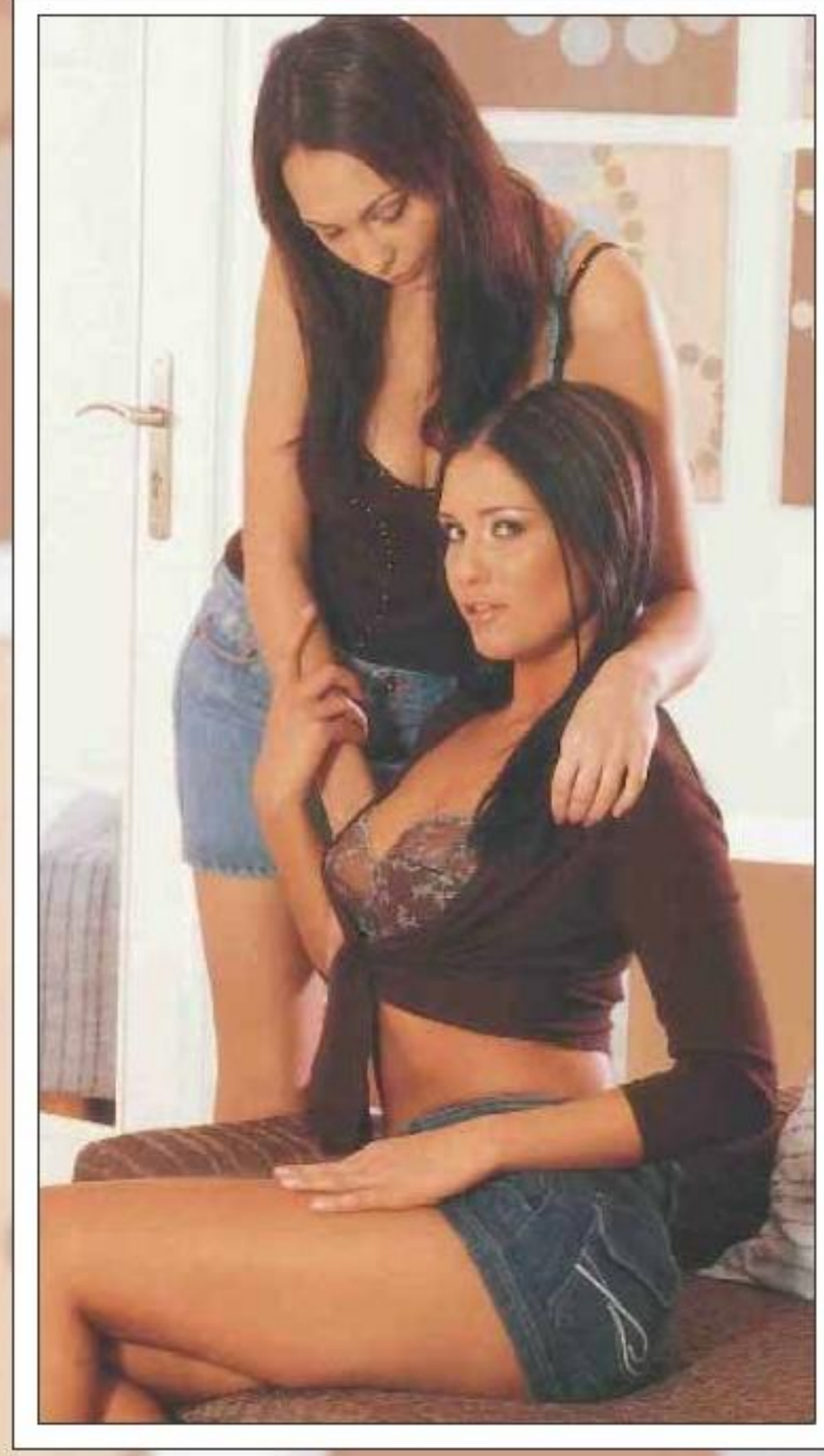


23342

Veronica & Jenn

THEY SURE DON'T MAKE PORN STARS LIKE THEY USED TO—NOW THEY USE MORE EXPENSIVE PARTS!

XXX Reality Check

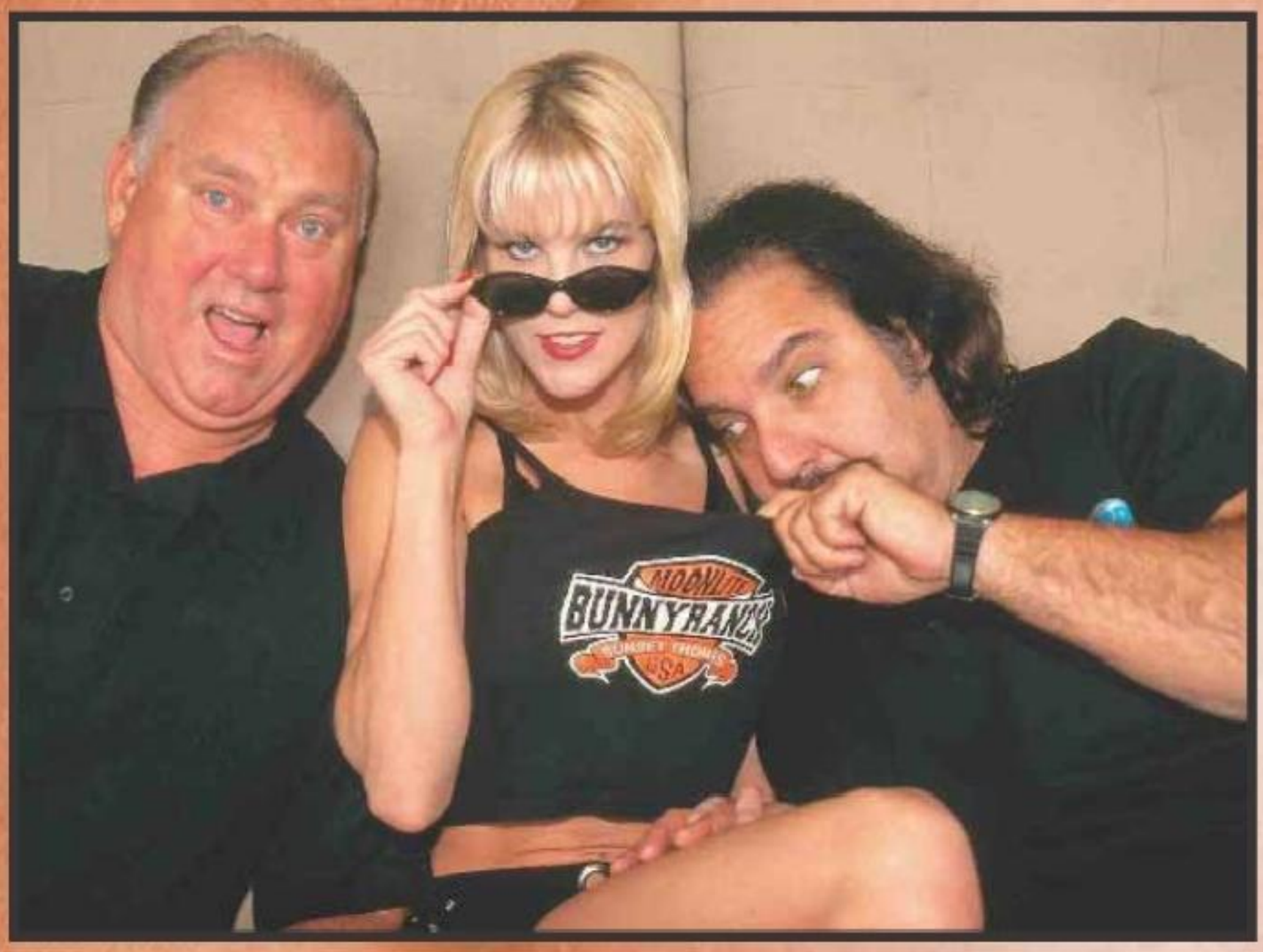
'A Nip! A Tuck! And A Fuck!'

What's going on, my man! How's it hanging?! Ron Jeremy, SWANK co-publisher and America's top XXX horndog back at you again for another round of hot info about everything X-rated in my world and yours. Glad to see me? Why not! Because I am sure glad to see you guys. Because, as always, without you, there would be no "me." Well there would be a me, but I doubt I would be getting laid, getting rich, and fabulously famous! So if I haven't said it before, let me say it now—thanks! And I truly mean that! Okay, so enough of the opening bullshit, let's get down to business. What's on the agenda this month? Well, I will tell you. The other day I was at a big porno party here in Hollywood, California—then center of the porno universe—and me and a pal of mine were watching all the girls walking bazillions of them, and he cracked to me, "They don't make porn stars like they used to." Now, he meant that there are so many new porn starlets running around Los Angeles these days that "everyone" was a porn star. But he got me to thinking—it was true that porn stars are not made like they used to be—literally! Between all the boob jobs, butt jobs, lip jobs, clit jobs and more, porn stars these days aren't born, they are made!

It wasn't always like this, an entire porn industry built on a foundation of plastic surgery and cosmetic enhancements. It is only in the last decade or so that it seems porn stars spend as much time on operating tables as they do sucking cock for a living. For real! Back in the day—and I guess I am dating myself now, but it's too late to turn back!—in the '70s and '80s plastic surgery on porno babes was few and far between. A number of pretty botched boob jobs here and there, but that was about it. But that was then and this is now, and between the intense competition among porn girls to look their best to get the most work, and the obvious improvements in plastic surgery techniques over the years, it would seem that the majority of X-stars these days have had something added, removed, or molded these days.

Of course these are two schools of thought on whether this trend has been a good one or bad one. If you like sculpted looks and giant tits, you think it's

Text By Ron Jeremy • Photos by Marc Medoff/Adult Press


BUNNYRANCH

'Sunset's brand new tits, I had to admit, looked– and felt!– great!'

great, but if you are into all-natural looks and that "young girl" image, you are horrified by it. I say each to his own, and I have seen lots of porno gals who had cosmetic work done that look horrible, and also many XXX performers who are all-natural, but could sure use a cut and slice here and there!

I recently had the opportunity to accompany my good friend and legendary adult industry starlet Sunset Thomas through her breast enhancement surgery that she had done by a very famous boob doctor in LA. Everyone knows Sunset of course from her years sexing in X-land—hundreds of hardcore loops to her carnal credit—and of course her work as a legal hooker at the Moonlite Bunnyranch in Carson City, Nevada. Sunset is far from what I would call a plastic surgery "junkie." But she, like a number of level-headed porn stars I know keep track of their looks closely, and when age and gravity starts to take it's toll, they have a little "remodeling" done. And why not? Lord knows they can afford it! Sunset has had a couple of tit-jobs over the years, and she felt like it was time for a little tune-up. So she made the appointment with the MD—like I said, a great one, he does a lot of sex starlets, including Jenna Jameson—and early one morning showed up at his office for her 7a.m. hooter-job call-time.

The cut-and-stuff work took several hours, and it was a good thing she was asleep the whole time, because from the outside, that shit is gory as hell! Blood, guts and silicone all over the place! I'm just glad I'm a dude and not a chick because I would never have the balls to go through that. But like I said, Sunset slept through the entire procedure—having her old boobs taken out and having brand new, and bigger ones, put in—and didn't feel a thing. Until she woke up that is!

Yeah, the poor baby was pretty sore when she came out of it, but within a couple of days she was up and running—or at least walking!—and when she went back to the doc in a couple of days, she was rocking! "Ronnie, I am so excited to be able to see my new tits for the first time, and to have you with me to be the first one to grab them!" Sunset told me as we went into the office for the big "unveiling." Hey, it was the least I could do to help out a dear friend! Ha!

Anyways, so after a few blithers and blathers, drum-roll please, the bandages came off, and lo and behold, there they were, Sunset's brand new tits, and I had to admit, they looked—and felt!—great! Sunset would be in for a few more weeks of taking it easy before she could start dancing, and most importantly fucking and sucking again, but she definitely looks fantastic, and the entire price tab, about 10G's, was certainly worth it. So what can I tell you? Each to his own, and if Sunset, and every other porn gash in the world is happy with new hooters, then who am I am go complain? Especially if I am the first one to test drive them! Ha!

A few years ago another great porn star friend of mine, Houston, who used to be under exclusive contract to Metro Studios, the same producer that I have been with for years, had a very famous plastic surgery performed on her—a pussy reduction operation! In fact after she had a big hunk of her giant juice cunt lopped off she auctioned it off online and reportedly made a hell of a lot of money from it. She didn't just do it for the cash, she really didn't like the fact that her twat was so large—it kept falling out of her bathing suit and shit—but the worldwide press she got over the operation and everything didn't hurt either!

So like I said, getting these body chop-shops done is a matter of personal choice. Decades back there were no such options, so you have to say it is better to have them than not, but like everything else, you don't want to see it abused. I would really like to hear what you all in SWANK-land think about all this as well. In putting together the mag each month, we look at tons of girls, and the issue of natural-looks vs. medically-assisted ones always cums up. So give a shout and offer up your opinion, we always want to know what's on your minds, no matter how dirty! That's it for this month, hope you liked my musings on porn star plastic surgery—next month, we go somewhere else, so come along for the road, here at SWANK, you are always, always welcome. Later, dudes! □

21806, 21662, 21664, 21969, 21809, 20818, 23183

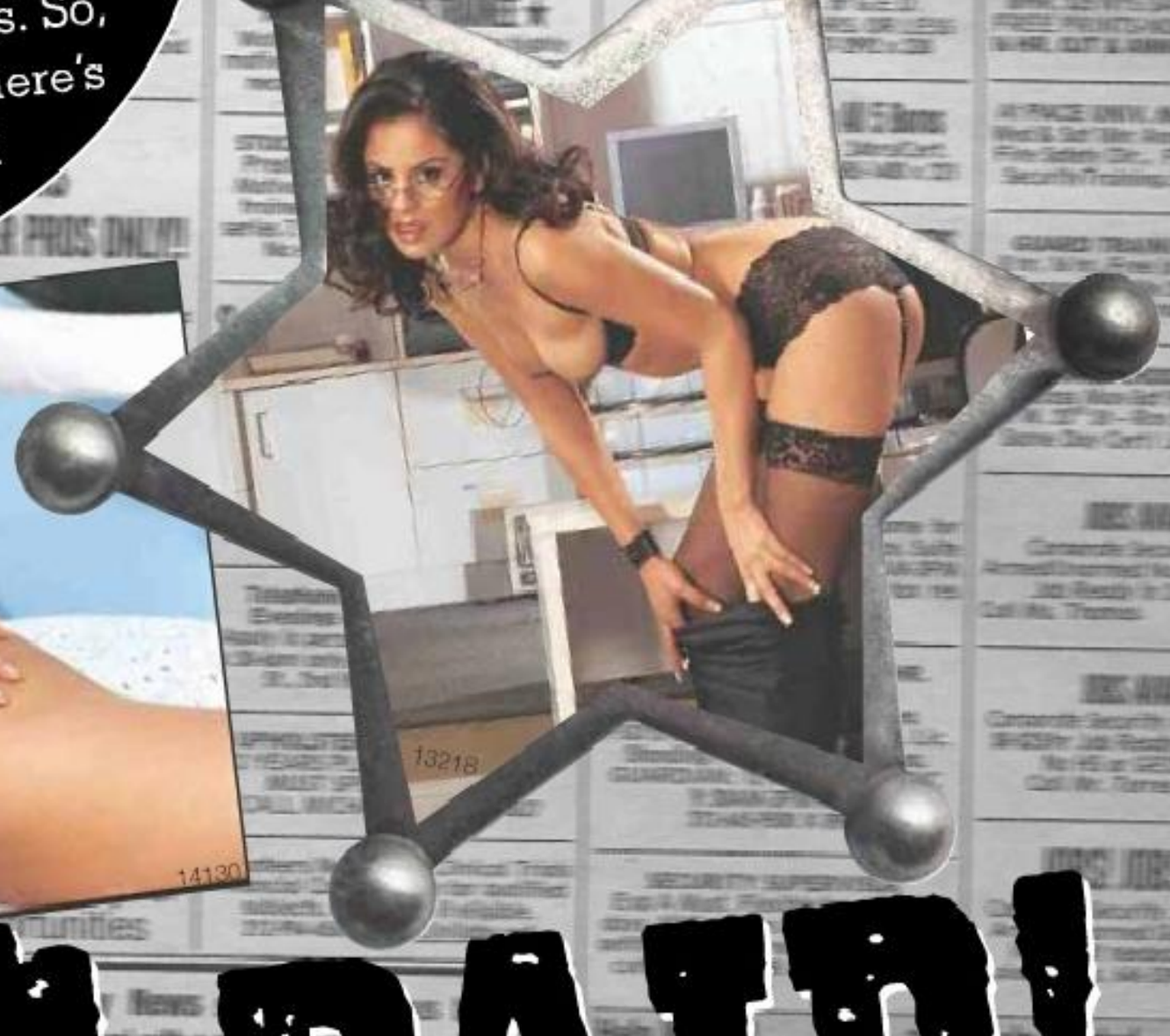
WANTED NUDE PICTURES! TOP $ PAID!

In SWANK's never-ending quest to bring you the hottest variety in sex, we've sought out Kevin Kingman, an amateur photographer and purveyor of porn and given him his own monthly feature entitled: WANTED: NUDE PICTURES. TOP $ PAID! That's right! He runs the ad in his local newspapers and you reap the rewards. So, for all your fans of neophyte nudity, here's your gift from all of us each and every month!

WANTED: NUDE PICTURES. TOP $ PAID!

I will pay you $50 for nude pictures of any kind. White girls, Black girls, Asian—it doesn't matter as long as they're NUDE!

So come on, convince your girlfriend, the check out girl at the supermarket or your neighbor. Just get her to strip it off, you snap away and I'll pay you the 50 bucks. Any format accepted. polaroid. Digital, Slides... anything! Just send them in!



WANTED
Michelle

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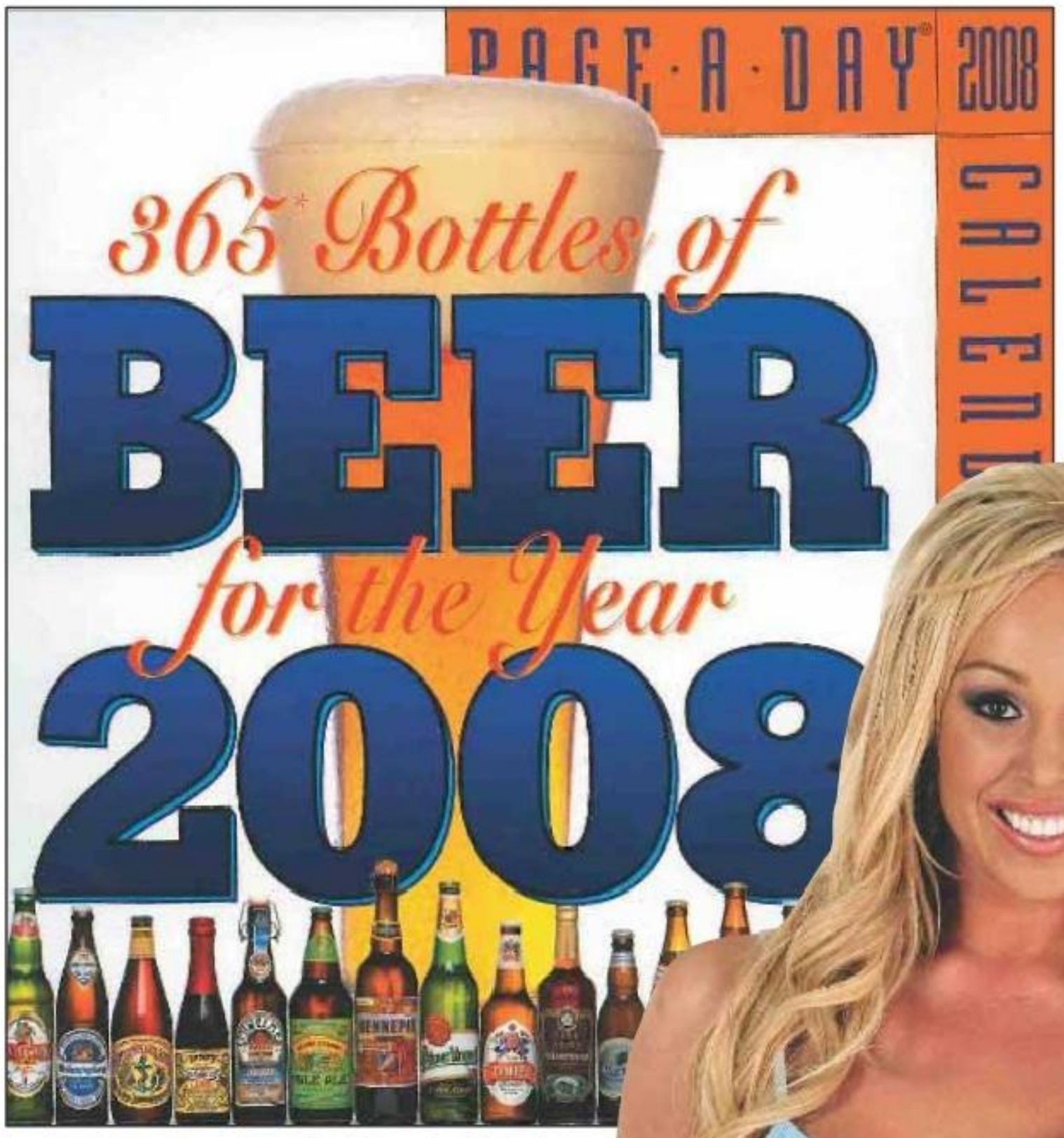
SWANK Stuff



OH, WHAT A YEAR!

365 Bottles of Beer for the Year 2008 Calendar

Every day another great discovery! North Coast Brother Thelonious Belgian Style Abbey Ale, boasting a rich caramel taste and an alcohol content of nine percent! Harrod's toasty, well-carbonated 1849 Lager—the perfect partner for fish and chips. Kapuziner Schwarz-Weizen's aromatic dark wheat beer. And Oak Creek Amber Ale, with a hint of spice and chocolate bottled or on tap. Passionate about beer? Then this calendar—by Bob Klein, obsessive author of the best selling Beer Lover's Rating Guide—belongs on your desktop. Each day features a lager, stout, ale, pilsner, or other brew to savor. Also includes beer festivals, Label Lore, Quaff Quotes, and Lager Lingo. Available in all bookstores $11.99.

WHAT A RACK!

Manhattan Pool Table by Brunswick

Boldly going where no pool table has gone before, Brunswick steps into a new era with the cutting-edge style of the Manhattan. This table combines the tenets of today's contemporary design with the craftsmanship and world-renowned playability for which Brunswick is legendary. Sophisticated and sleek, and stunning in its presence, this baby is definitely not your old man's billiard table.

So, if you're lucky enough to have ...come cool digs in the big city it's time for you to outfit that loft-like third bedroom with the Manhattan.

Environmentally conscious, and versatile to suit the hurried individual's idiosyncratic tastes and needs, the bright, airy, and uncluttered style embraces white walls, glass and steel. The result: a room eclectic yet cozy. A retreat from fast-paced pressures of urban life.

The price?

$16,000.00.

THE NEXT JOHN HOLMES?

www.sizeofaman.com

You've done it, your father's done it, and your grandpa did it, too, but none of them knew how to do it right, and a lot of them ended up cheating to bump up their results. In a world where starting your measurement from your asshole has proven to be an acceptable method, it's time now to bring this age old debate to a close.

Welcome to the home of "THE FINAL SAY", the world's first patented device to accurately measure your manhood!

Whether you are a modest 4.5" with good control skills, or you're packing a 9" tool that needs no instruction, it's now time to whip it out, get it measured, and tell the world, "I am a man and here's what I've got."

However, the only way to find out your T.P.S. (true penis size) is to use "THE FINAL SAY" and the only place to get "THE FINAL SAY" is here at sizeofaman.com.

While researching the past 100 years of penis measurement, the folks at sizeofaman.com came across some interesting methods that have been used to falsely increase someone's size. On the site they expose those methods to you in an attempt to rid the world of these Penis Cheaters. See where you fall on the "Cheater Meter", and find out if you've been misleading yourself — and the ladies — all these years!

Of course, there's always the chance that you'll find out you've been UNDER measuring all this time! You might just realize that your three-inch shrimp is actually a serious contender! Log onto www.sizeofaman.com and find out the truth.

STRICTLY TOP SHELF

Corzo Tequila

If you're ready to step up to a true premium liquor, it's time you checked out Corzo. This tequila has it all. A product of traditional distilling methods married to state-of-the-art technology resulting in a perfectly balanced tequila that boasts hints of oak and honey, all delivered to you in a sleek, sophisticated bottled designed by an award winning designer.

If you want an example of how high end Corzo really is, check out this info. Most super premium tequilas use 10 pounds of blue agave to make a 1 liter bottle. Corzo uses 22 pounds to produce 1 liter of their tequila. Plus it's triple distilled and double aged.

Trust us on this one. Pick up a bottle. You won't be disappointed. Here, we'll even throw in this cocktail recipe to get the party started.

Corzo Ginger Cosmo

2 parts Corzo Silver
1 part Triple Sec
2 parts cranberry juice
Fresh ginger

In a shaker, muddle ginger, add other ingredients plus ice. Shake well and strain into Martini glass. Garnish with fresh raspberries.

SEEING RED! Rohto Eye Drops

Remember what a great time you had on New Year's Eve? Remember how late you got to bed? Remember how early you had to get up to be with family and friends on New Year's day? Remember how red your eyes were and how they burned? Well, from now on, no matter how rough a night you've had you can hit the next morning with a pair of bright , shinning eyes. Before you walk out the door, remove any redness with just a few drops of ROHTO V eye drops. This wonder liquid will not only remove the redness, but also lubricate and cool your eyes.

Now there's no need to explain yourself. What you do after work is your business. Keep it that way. Available in all drug stores.

Ginger

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SWANK FICTION

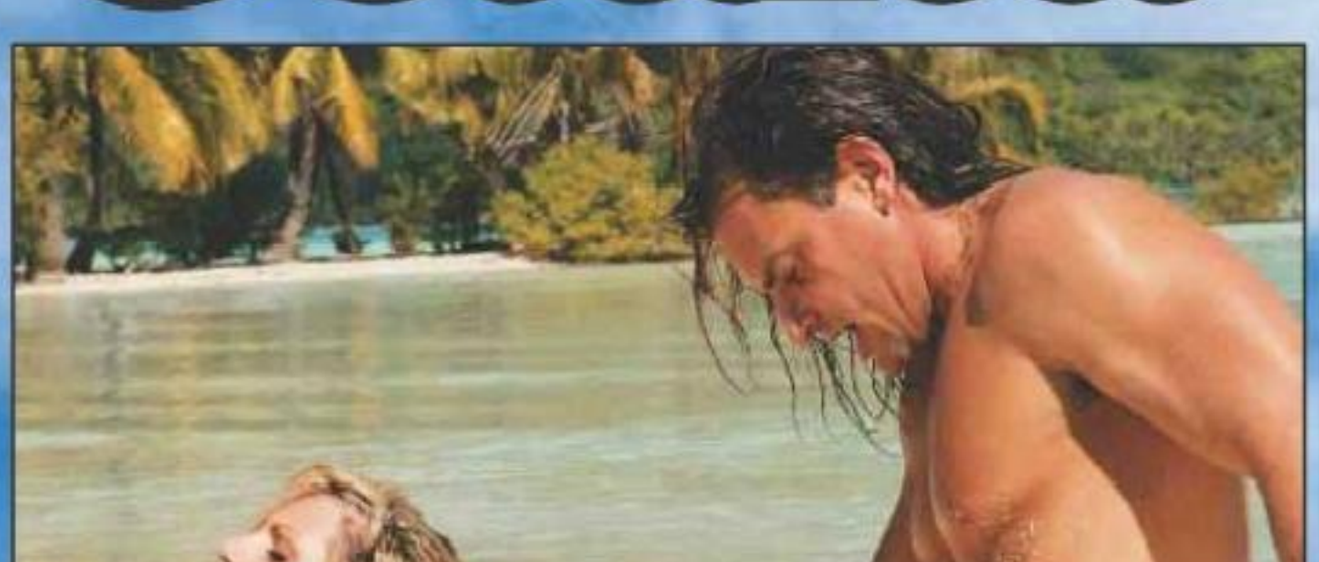
by Rocco Drozzi

Paradise Island

When my asshole fiancee stood me up at the altar I was very crushed. My friends suggested that I still go on the honeymoon by myself to help get my mind off things. After some hesitation, I decided to go for it. After all it was already paid for, and the idea of two weeks on the beaches of sunny Jamaica sounded like a great way to nurse my broken heart.

When I arrived I checked into the hotel, and headed right for the beach. Man, the fucking girls on this beach were smokin' hot. Nobody wears a top on that island, so it was bare tits as far as the eye could see. However, it wasn't until I made my way to the seashore that I got the first glimpse of the sweetest pair of jugs I'd ever seen, and the girl that was going to change my life forever.

Nia was just getting out of the ocean as I was making my way in. This petite and tanned island native ran her hands through her long and wet black hair as sea water dripped and glistened down her golden brown naked melons. Our eyes met as we passed each other, then I looked back to catch a view of the firm and curvy ass cheeks that held the back string of her thong in place. I don't remember the last time I got so worked up from seeing a naked chick, but I was so turned that I spanked out a load right in the ocean while thinking about the taste of her sweet juicy pussy and how my dick would feel pounding its way up her ass.



'IT WAS AN INCREDIBLE TWO WEEKS OF BANGING NIA MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.'

That evening I was walking the hallway back to my room when I noticed that my dream girl was trying to get into a room that was only a couple of doors down from mine. Her key card wasn't working and she was getting upset. So I made my way over and helped her get the door unlocked. Nia thanked me and invited me in for a drink. We sat on her sofa talking and I found myself in a constant struggle to keep my eyes from staring at the outline of the large nipples that poked through her tank top. On one occasion where I gave in to the temptation, Nia caught me checking out her rack. Embarrassed, I began to apologize, but Nia stopped me and explained that she liked the attention.

Suddenly Nia lifted her shirt over her head, exposing her tanned globes to me. She took my hands and held them to her tits and as I massaged them in my palms. I ran my thumbs against her nipples as Nia leaned forward, put her lips to mine and pushed her soft tongue into my mouth. I kissed her back deeply as we worked each other's pants open. Our lips stayed locked as we stood up and undressed each other.

Nia pressed her tits against my bare chest and she kissed my neck and began working her lips down my torso until her mouth came to the hard straining pole between my legs. Nia lifted my cock and set her tongue on my balls. As if my meat was an ice cream cone, Nia put her tongue flat against my shaft and drew long licks up to the head of my manhood. Each time Nia brought her lips along my shaft, the grip of her mouth on my cock grew tighter until finally a batch of sticky jizm burst into her throat. As she continued to suck my dick, stray lines of cum dripped out onto her lips and fell onto her tits.

Nia laid on her back as I climbed on top of her into the 69 position. My lover teased my cock and balls with the gentle brush of her fingertips as I lowered my head between her open legs. I dragged my tongue across her shaven lips and popped it into her slit. Nia's body grew tight as the tip of my tongue took its place on the sticky wet nub of her clit. I sucked her pink between my lips and caressed the flesh with quick and thorough licks. My tongue worked her clit while I rammed two fingers into her pussy hole deep and hard until Nia began writhing from the burning sensation brought on by a massive orgasm.

I rolled off of Nia, spread her legs apart then kneeled between them. With my dick hard again, I took the rod into my hand and guided it toward Nia's soaked cunt. Her moans echoed off the walls of her room as the throbbing head of my cock made contact with the inside of her pussy walls. My hand cupped her tits and pushed them together as my tongue traded licks at each of her nipples while I inched my cock deep up in her tangy peach.

Climbing to my knees, I lifted Nia up into my arms. We locked lips and tongues in a heavy kiss as I set my two hands on Nia's ass and drove her sopping box hard and quick along my rocket. Nia wrapped her legs tight around my waist and dug her fingernails into my back as her second climax took control of her body.

I lowered Nia's spent body back on the floor and withdrew my cock from her pussy.

Placing a knee beside each of her shoulders, I pushed my hard on between Nia's open lips. I started fucking Nia's mouth slowly, then picked up speed as my balls slapped off her chin and my shaft glided against her tongue.

With my nut ready to bust, I yanked my meat from Nia's mouth and jerked my wet dick until another batch of spunk erupted across her lips, nose and eyes.

It was an incredible two weeks of banging Nia morning, noon and night.

My plan is to go back to Jamaica next year and pick up the "honeymoon" where it left off. □

Katti

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Katti

MARCH 2008•SWANK

LIVE! HARDCORE SWANK ACTION!

Every ***SWANK*** fan's dream is about to cum true! We know you love every babe's layout, but now watch them fuck— for real!— exclusively on

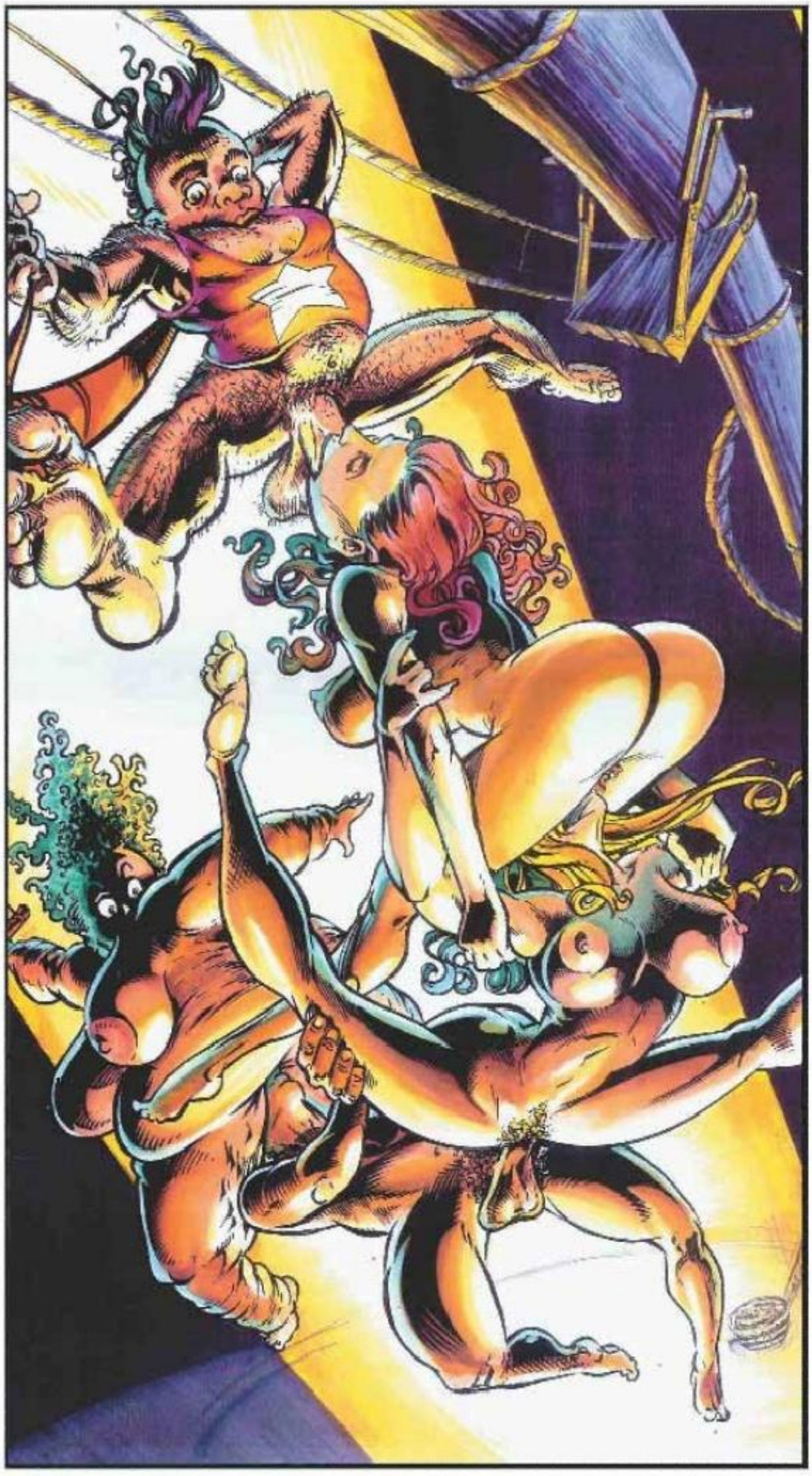
SWANK ONLINE!

Sweet!

Just click one of the screens and watch the girls of ***SWANK*** do what they do best! It's an ass-fucking, load-dropping, pussy banging good time for sure!

SWANKtoons

From the horny bastards at ***www.Shh3D.com***



It was only their first date . . .

Two guys are in a bar discussing their sex lives. One guy says to the other, "How's your sex life, buddy?"

The other guy answers, "Not good. Every time my wife and I have sex, she loses interest halfway through."

The first guy says, "I know what you mean. I used to have the same problem, but I found a cure. I hid a starter pistol under the bed. When she started to run out of steam, I fired the starter pistol. It gave her such a fright that she got all excited, and couldn't get enough. I wish I'd done it years ago!"

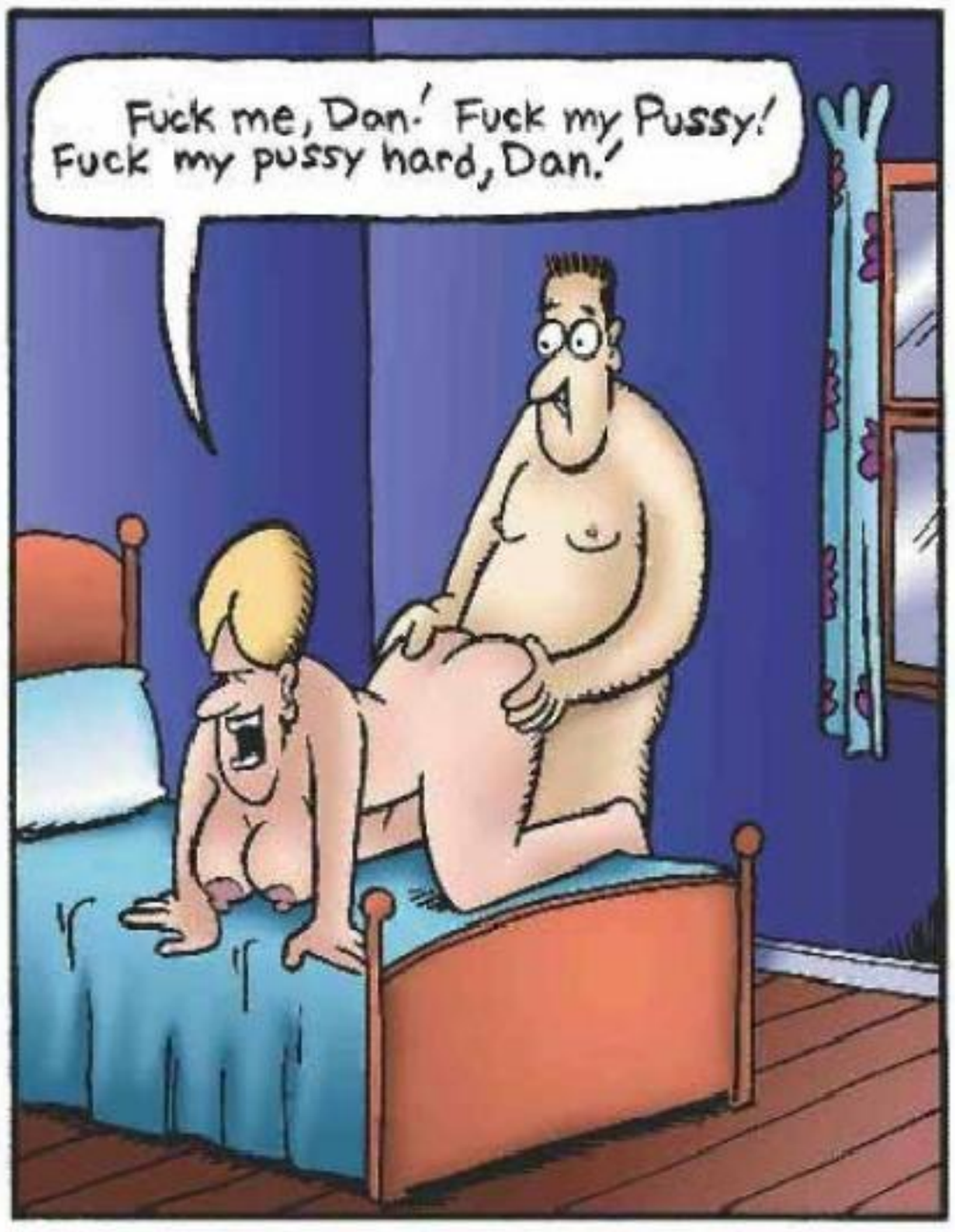
"Hmmm...I think I'll try that," the other guys says.

The next day they are back in the bar again. The first guy says, "How did you get on with the starter pistol?"

The other guys says, "Don't talk to me about starter pistols! Last night we were having a little 69. As usual, she lost interest half way through, so I fired the starter pistol just like you said."

"So?? What happened?" the first guy asks.

The other guy says, "She jumped up and hid under the bed, and a naked man ran out of the closet with his hands up!"



Not a good day for Roy.

Babcock

SO, YOU'RE IN THE BUSINESS OF *TRADING PROPERTY?*

YEP.

HOUSE FOR SALE

IN THE MOOD TO *BUY* SOME OF *MINE?*

SORRY, MUTTON HAWKER.

FOR SALE

I'M REAL LOW ON *CASH.*

IF I DON'T *SELL MORE HOUSES,* I'LL LOSE MY *ASS.*

I'LL *TAKE IT.* I'M IN A *SIMILAR SPOT.*

REALLY?

YEP. IF I DON'T SELL MORE *ASS,* I'LL LOSE MY *HOUSE!*

END

Maria

23340

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RON AND MARY'S X-RATED PORN THEATER

BURNT FURY

STARRING: LANNY BARBIE, HILLARY SCOTT, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, REGAN REESE, ALEXIS SILVER
DIRECTED BY: B SKOW
AVAILABLE FROM: VIVID
RUNNING TIME: 130 MINUTES

This is a light comedy fuck flick from director B. Skow. The gorgeous Lanny Barby is back under his direction for another fun and funny sex romp. While the subject matter is kind of dark, two cops, Evan Stone and Tommy Gunn, trying to find a serial hooker murderer, the guys have great chemistry and keep it airy.

Regan Reese has her tattoos blazing as she fucks Evan Stone on a big bed. Regan is interrogating him while sucking and fucking him to submission. It's a hot scene that suffered from washed out lighting. Regan looks very hot, so that helps.

The cops share some joking around while they investigate the latest crime scene. Back to the sex and Lanny Barbie sporting a blonde wig. The chick with the perfect body fucks two dudes like her life depended on it. The guys' finger bang the hell out of her gash as she sucks one of the guys off. Lanny gives as hard as she gets, and it's fucking amazing. Lanny gets a cock up the ass and she almost explodes in pleasure. Both guys eventually get to plug her deep and long in both the pussy and asshole before firing hot goo in her mouth and across her well-fucked cunt.

The cops follow their clues to a local whorehouse. Lanny is running the place and Tommy Gunn hunts for clues in her lovely pussy. Squatting on his face Lanny encourages him to take a close look and not miss anything. Twisting around Lanny blows Tommy and tit-fucks him too. Lanny is just amazingly hot and it really shows in this scene. I dare you to finish this scene without popping once yourself.

Alexis Silver plows Trent in a dirty talking exhibition. Aurally assaulting Trent, Alexis pours dirty talk into his ear while Trent fucks the bejeezus out of her. With her big tits flopping around there really is nothing better to watch. Trent throws a web across her massive tits.

Lanny and Hillary get together for a phenomenal girl on girl scene. These two burn up the sheets with their passion. After much kissing, fingering and tonguing the hot bitches bring out a nice sized dildo. Hillary rides the fake prick like a woman who's never been fucked before. It's something to see, I only wish we could see more.

Burnt Fury is a ton of fun and well worth watching, not just for the sex but the comedy too. Make this flick a permanent part of your collection. —Derrick Pisick

CHICA BOOM 42

STARRING: LAURIE, PERSIA, ALEXIA, ALIANA
DIRECTED BY: GLENN BAREN
AVAILABLE FROM: KICK ASS
RUNNING TIME: 105 MINUTES

Chica Boom has always featured an eclectic batch of cocoa and tan skinned babes from around the world. You'd think there was a shortage of lusty Latinas out there since this installment features a couple of babes who most decidedly ain't Latin.

Mexican Laurie takes on the muscled Lee Stone in the first scene. The odd couple starts off kissing and titty sucking on a bed. Lee ventures forth into her hairy jungle and licks her to her creamy pink center. Trembling on the tip of his tongue Laurie grinds her pussy into his mouth. Laurie shakes her Mexican ass in perfect form as she rides his burro up and down like a carousel pony. Pulling out between position changes gives Laurie the chance to suck his cock clean of her drooling pussy juices. Laurie tries a reverse cowgirl with varying degrees of success and does better getting fucked on her back. Lee shoots a thick load into her open mouth.

Persia is Iranian and could pass for Latin on most streets. Persia teases her curvy body with a sexy outfit and seductive poses. Pulling on her nipples she moans and groans as her pussy keeps getting wetter. Alec Knight takes control and attaches his mouth to her cunt and laps her like a thirsty dog. Using all his fingers he strums her clit and fills up her pussy at the same time. Persia even gets her little rosy pucker licked out. Alec pops in her face to end the scene. Alexia is Italian and I guess that's almost as good as a Latina. Brett Rockman is her cock of the day and she worships his rod in a loving blowjob/ Shaking her ample ass Alexia could hypnotize you if you're not careful. Rubbing her clitty as she sucks him off really turns him on and he lays back for an energetic screw from the passionate Italian. Brett dumps a ridiculous amount of cum in her face and Alexia gleefully takes it all.

Two actual Latinas close out the movie in the last two scenes. Aliana is Columbian and Cristina is a bonafide Mexican. Only Cristina takes it up the butt but Aliana is no slouch herself. Dig Aliana's sexy lap dance, to bad this isn't interactive huh? Both girls open wide for the cumshot and receive a healthy mouthful of spunk.

This one's a doozy, make sure to pick it up as soon as possible! —D.P.

TEENAGE PEACH FUZZ 3

STARRING: AUBREY ADDAMS, KEYMORE CASH, KYANNA LEE, LINDSAY KAY, SASHA GREY
DIRECTED BY: MICHAEL STEFANO
AVAILABLE FROM: RED LIGHT DISTRICT
RUNNING TIME: 150 MINUTES

Jersey native and porn up and comer Aubrey Addams is gonna be a HUGE star one day. Wearing a sexy little bikini and sucking on an oversized lollipop she shakes her tiny little ass while hula hoping. We're treated to shots of her cavorting and having a grand old teen time. Michael Stefano wields a massive cock and Aubrey succumbs to it's personal gravity. Drilling his cock down her throat gets her worked up and she lays back for some quality oral. Michael eats her pussy and she rubs her clit. Giving her asshole a good priming with his fingers he soon replaces it with this rod. Aubrey moans in ecstasy and has him pull out of her ass so she can sck it clean. Michael takes the opportunity to blast a BIG load into her face.

Pretty Sasha is overrun by Jean-Claude's cock. She mounts him and rocks her cunt all over the lower part of his face after sucking him to full hardness. Using a dildo on herself she gets her tight hole ready for the pounding she's going to get. He fucks her a bunch of different ways, including anal, and even manages to get his tongue up her asshole which she really enjoys. Sasha sucks her butt cream from his cock and keeps on sucking until he explodes in her face.

Asian Kyanna tries her hand with Manuel Ferrara in a down and dirty sequence. The pace is furiously fast and these two can barely contain their energy. It's just a blowjob scene but it is hot. Check out the cumshot that blizzards across her face.

Lindsay Kay is railed by two cocks at the same time. The guys take turns fingering her asshole and rimming it. Lindsay loves the ass play and keeps arching her hips to get more up her backdoor. Some quick screwing is replaced by an anal assault with some yummy ass-to-mouth hi-jinks thrown in for good measure.

Finally Asian cutie Keymore finds out how hard Michael Stefano can fuck in the last segment. A big buttplug seals her asshole shut until it comes out and is replaced by a large dildo up her butt. Michael can't keep his face away from her crotch and eats both her pussy and asshole before screwing the hell out of her. More ass play follows with Keymore screaming for more the entire time. A nice ass-to-mouth facial brings this teen tale to a frothy end. —Frank Bastard

FRESH PUSSY 4

STARRING: AUBREY ADAMS, SASSY VALLORE, JESSICA LYNN, CELINA CROSS, ALEXIS LOVE, BABY JAYNE, TAYLOR ASH
DIRECTED BY: ANTON SLAYER
AVAILABLE FROM: FRESH FILMS/ METRO
RUNNING TIME: 120 MINUTES

This is pretty much basic gonzo jerk fodder with plenty of young honeys you've probably never seen before, which is usually a good thing because most of these whores will probably bore me in a few months. Catch 'em while they're fresh fish is my motto for hoes. It seems like most of these young ginches must've gotten new tits for graduation that is if they graduated high school.

Everything I've seen Aubrey Adams in has been highly stroke-worthy depending on the mercy of the cameraman. Sassy Vallore was a trashy surprise though the name is slightly wack, no pun intended. She's a cute brunette that seems like any ordinary somebody would be lucky enough to fuck her in real life. Hope that makes sense, but it means she's damn fuckable, but not out of reach to my imagination. Her tits are finely tuned fun bags when she's aggressively banged here. Nice missionary thumping and doggy pumping, this scene is a champ. It sets thing off with a cumplosion.

Aubrey Adams is the shiznit, but the camera man needed to get off the floor as everything was shot from below the hoe, like all I saw was nutsack and some slit for most of the reverse doggy hop-a-schlong. At least the guy got it right during the missionary before her lips got glossed with goo- gobs. I'm a stickler when it cums to sight-seeing for sticky fingers.

Next up is a girl/girl romp featuring Jessica Lynn and Celina Cross. Celina has got cutest little baby face though Jessica Lynn has some bad plasti-pyramids for tits. It's a boob job I wouldn't have recommended, but you can't tell whores anything these days. They play swap the nipple spittle while massaging each other's clits like mad before they whip out the dildos and play jab the clam. The best moments where when Jessica puts the dildo in her twat and then fucks Celina missionary in the pussy with said dildo. I say bravo to the hoe for that inventive move.

Alexis Love is a latino slut with a shaved slot who sucks passionately on the meathead's pole. The reverse cowgirl was happening because it's nice to see a slut without a blown out butthole yet. The spooning was the winning position, but the money shot pretty much missed the mouth. Alas.

Baby Jayne is a brunette newcummer with one boob that looks slightly deflated, but she's kind of cute in a nasty way and can fuck with fury. Trailer trashy Taylor Ash wraps things up getting a spurt that almost stung her eyeball. —Greg Chapman

PHAT ASS TITS 4

STARRING: KATIE MORGAN, ALEKTRA BLUE, LISA ANN, HAVANAH GINGER, ANNA NOVA, CHLOE DIOR
DIRECTED BY: PAT MYNE
AVAILABLE FROM: METRO INTERACTIVE
RUNNING TIME: 110 MINUTES

If fake tits aren't your thang, turn the page now. This disc is all about pumped up mammaries. Katie Morgan gets this flick off on the right foot. This girl is the total package: tall, blonde, beautiful face, "fuck me" eyes, potty mouth, toned abs, perfect ass. Oh yes, and "phat ass" tits. I've yet to see her put in a bad performance, and this time is no different. She masturbates on her own for a good ten minutes, getting herself off twice before some stud enters the picture. I'll take her any way, but she's a beast when riding a cock reverse-cowgirl. She grinds her hips seductively side to side and talks up a sexual storm. Finally she begs for him to titty-fuck her, and he blows his load in the process. If that was the only good scene here, this would still be a great disc.

As it turns out, there actually isn't too much more. Havanah Ginger looks a Brazilian transsexual operation gone horribly awry. She has a strip of hair going from her pubes right up to her boobs! I shit you not! She's not even freakshow hot—she's repulsive. She's so foul that the poor sap she's coupled with can't even get off. It just cuts to her with a big load on her boobs. Possibly the worst scene I ever saw.

Anna Nova is a bright spot, however. She's got big, pointy nipples and a warm, inviting face. She's not slutty so much as experienced. After Skankshaw's histrionics, she's a breath of fresh air, and it's actually fun to watch someone get banged who doesn't utter a word. The age old formula still works: plain ol' sex + hot girl = good scene. And, mmm-mmm, it's good.

Alektra and Lisa are the resident lesbos here, and they do a knockout job. Director Pat Myne wisely sends in a woodsman halfway through to spice things up, and it works nicely. The girls are so into muff-diving that the guy has to fight his way in for screen time. Finally, they sandwich his cock between they're over-inflated whoppers and coax a load out of him.

Terribly uneven effort. Katie Morgan saves the day! —Stan Winkums

NO MAN'S LAND 42

STARRING: ALEXIS LOVE, CLARA G, HOLLY MORGAN, JAYNA OSO, JESSICA LYNN, KELLE MARIE, LISA DANIELS, NIKKI BENZ, PENNY FLAME, SATIVA ROSE, SAVANNAH STERN, TYLER FAITH, VANESSA LANE
DIRECTED BY: ANTON SLAYER
AVAILABLE FROM: METRO PICTURES
RUNNING TIME: 120 MINUTES

Watch out for flying dildos, as a baker's dozen of eager beavers lick, poke and generally pleasure themselves to orgasmic oblivion with nary a male member in sight, other then the kind made of plastic.

Hot blonde Vanessa Lane and nasty Tyler Faith lead blindfolded Nikki Benz by a leash over to the couch for some heavy duty use and abuse, including extensive rounds of titty sucking, face sitting, clit licking, and fingerfucking. They keep Benz blindfolded while they massage and suck on her big boobs, twiddle her clit, and eat out and fingerfuck her pussy and asshole from behind, and soon Nikki is returning the favor, cooing and groaning and moaning with unfeigned delight. And this is even before the strap-on dildos come out! Eventually the girls cram both of Vanessa's crotch holes with a very long and flexible ribbed dildo while reaches between her legs to press a vibrator against her clit. Needless to say, the bitch does some nasty ass cumming!

Bosomy Lisa Daniels – who boasts a spectacular pair of torpedoes - and ex-Penthouse Pet Kelle Marie, grope their way up a staircase to a red leather couch. These two are obviously no strangers to the ways of the lesbos, and proceed to eat, lick and poking one another with a collection of deluxe dongs and dildos as they twiddle their twats and moan and groan.

Three hot foxes in a warm outdoor shower couldn't be sweeter, and juicy young tasties Savannah Stern, Penny Flame, and Jessica Lynn show us just how sweet it is. Once again the ladies do each other with ribbed translucent double-headed dongs, and a gigantic purple strap on penis. The sight of their shaved bare pussies being penetrated by the purple prick proves memorable to say the least!

A sizzling one-on-one with sultry Sativa Rose and mouthwatering Romanian clit licker Clara G. results in the usual chorus of groans, moans, invocations of the deity, and freely spewed curses, as the ladies finger themselves, then each other, and finally get down to business with the dildos, with Sativa taking a big glass one up her lovely, very juicy ass. Things round out nicely with another triple play: Alexis Love, a simmering Latina, Holly Morgan and juicy Malaysian beauty Jayna Oso, go at each other, each getting thoroughly dildo-ized, with Jayna taking a big one up her tight, well- lubed "oh so" lovely twinkie. *NML 42* is just what the doctor ordered! –Dr. Willard Moody

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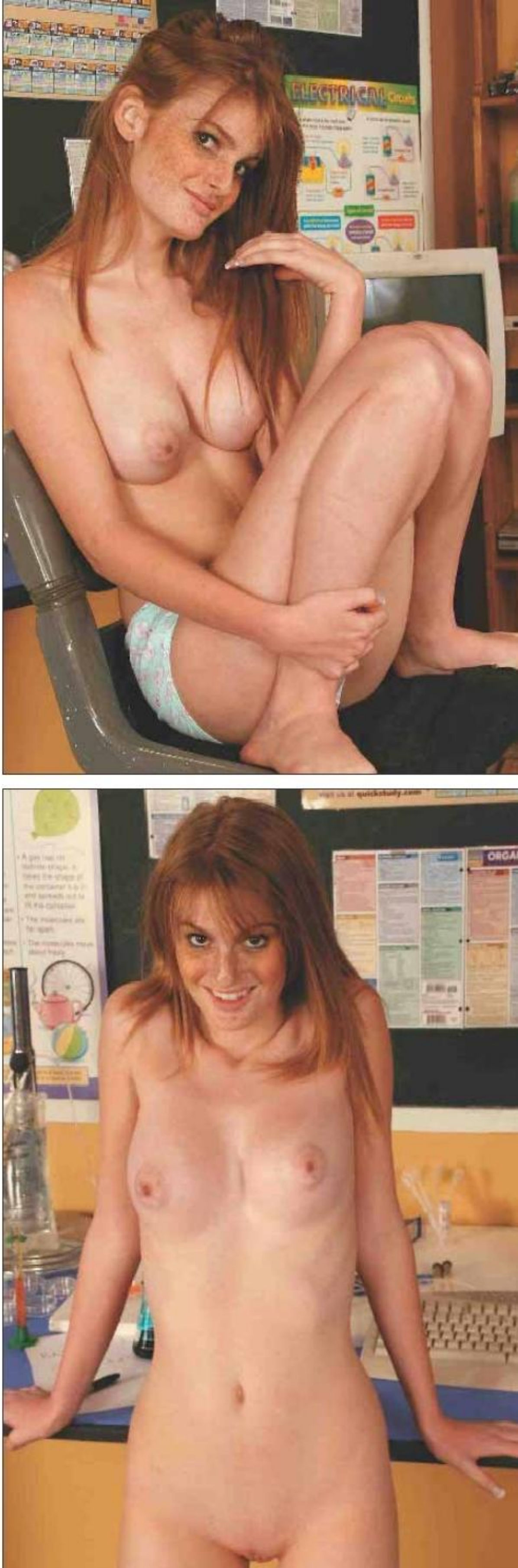
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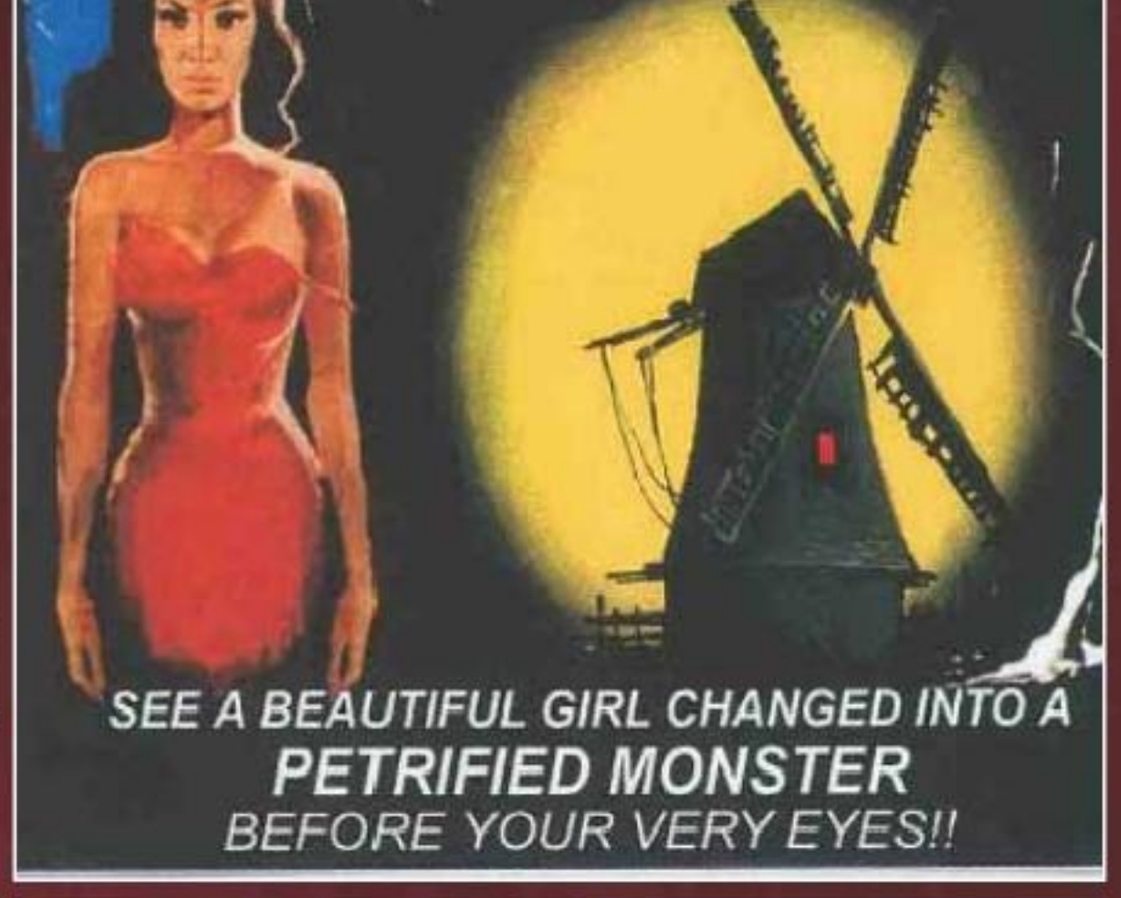
ATTACK OF THE MAD DOCTORS

(Continued from page 35)

outrageousness and capacity for murder, he is worth an extended look. In his early forties, Decker seems to represent not only mad science, but everything that the baby boomers rebelled against in the 1960s: an older generation oppressing them both with hypocritical platitudes about behavior, and barely concealed lust for young chicks.

Dr. Decker is a botanist and college professor who spouts all sorts of clichés about the noble motives of science and scientists, while pursuing his own agenda of bloody revenge rationalized as research. First he shoots his pet cat (!), then he has his personal gorilla Konga throttle a college dean, an outspoken teenage boy, and a fellow scientist who is pursuing a similar line of botanical inquiry. At the same time he doublecrosses his middle-aged fiancee/housekeeper/lab assistant Margaret by putting the moves on a bullet-bra-wearing young blonde named Sandra, whom he wants to make his new partner in both botany and bedroom. When Sandra rejects him and runs away, her arm gets caught in the meat-eating jaws of one of Dr. Decker's mutated giant plants! Meanwhile, Margaret doesn't appreciate Decker's infidelity, so she gives Konga a triple dose of serum and he grows as big as a skyscraper. Inevitably the put-upon primate picks up Dr. Decker in his paw and carries him around London. "Put me down, Konga!" Decker cries, writhing in his formerly-obedient monkey's mitt. "Put me down!!" Decker gets his wish at the climax, tossed to the street like a candy wrapper when Konga is taken down by the military; but like Irma Zimmer and the other mad scientists mentioned here, Dr. Decker is really his own best monster, striding through the world of his movie like a giant himself—a behemoth of twisted brilliance, base motives, and bad attitudes!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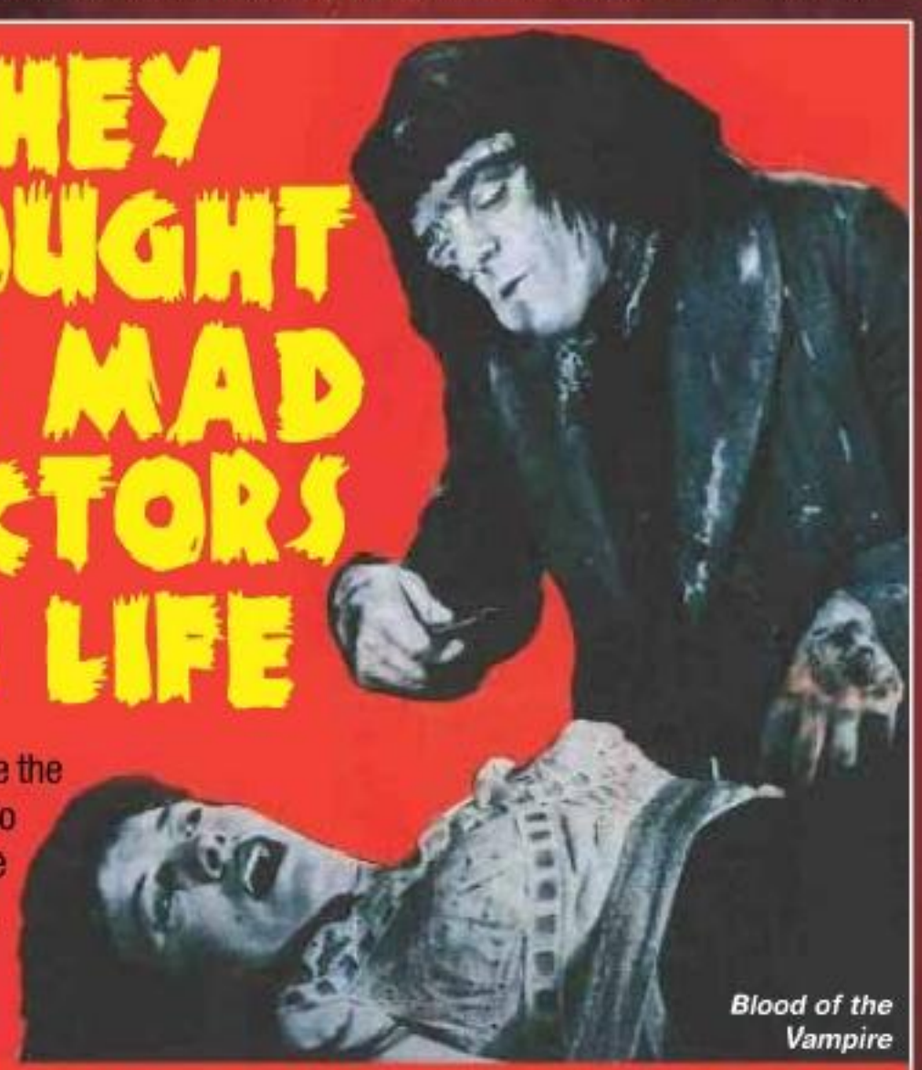
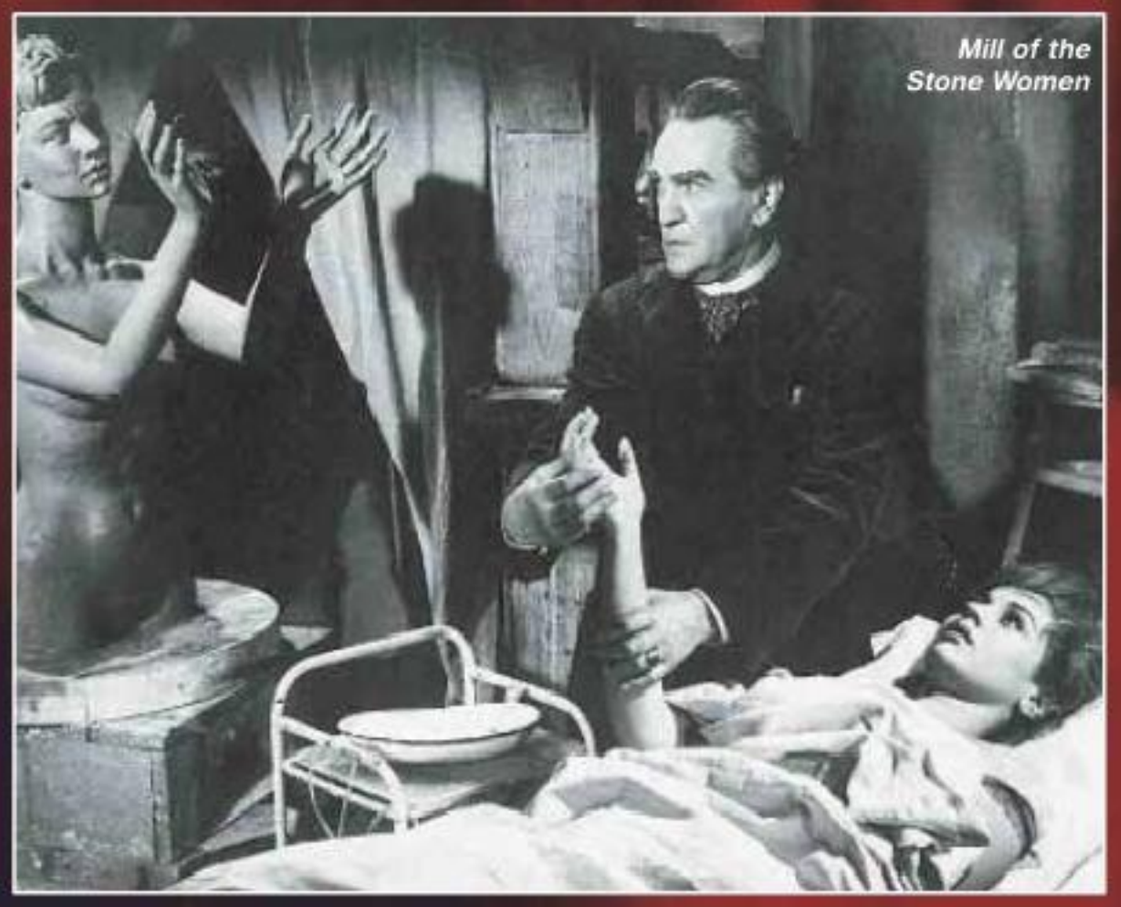


Blood of the Vampire

Let's now cite the fine actors who portrayed these mad characters.

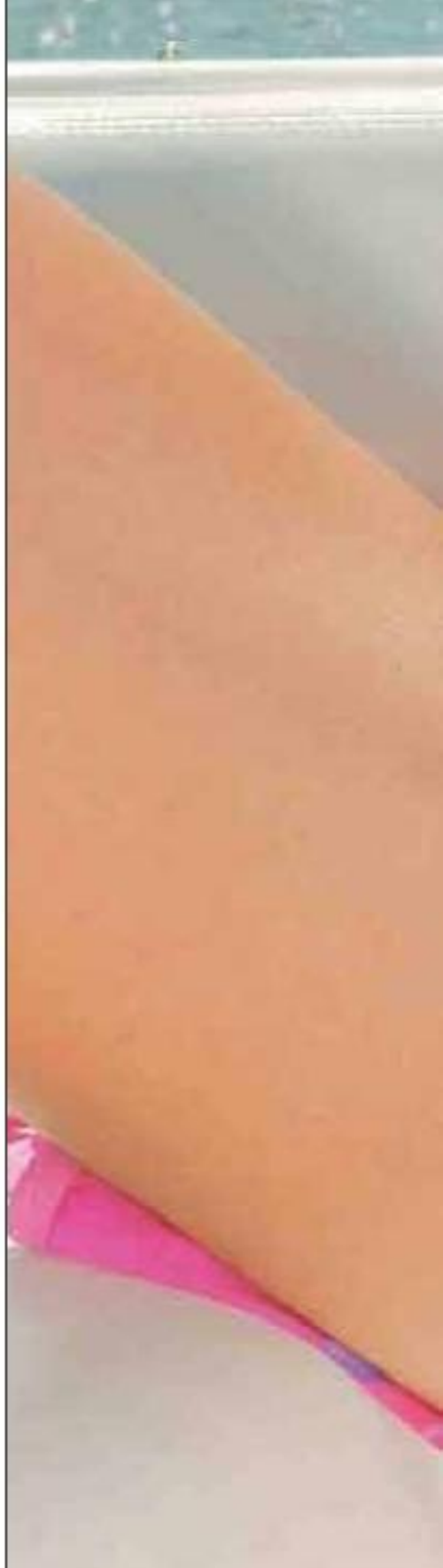
They truly achieved genre immortality with their portrayals: Howard Vernon as Dr. Orlof; Horst Frank as Dr. Ood; Sir Donald Wolfit as Dr. Callistratus; Peter Cushing as Victor Frankenstein; Mabel Karr as Dr. Irma Zimmer, and Estella Blain as her robotic exotic dancer slave Miss Death; Alberto Lupo as Dr. Levin; Herb (Jason) Evers as Dr. Bill Cortner; Martin Kosleck as Dr. Peter Bartell; and Herbert Boehm and Wolfgang Preiss as the deadly Dr. Wahl and Dr. Bolem. Last but not least, Michael Gough's incarnation of the crazed Dr. Decker gets more entertaining with each viewing of Konga.

All of the movies mentioned in this article are available on DVD. Dark Sky Films offers The Flesh Eaters, as well as Blood of the Vampire on a double feature disc with The Hellfire Club. The cult film label Mondo Macabro has fine releases of The Diabolical Doctor Z and Mill of the Stone Women, packed with interesting extras. The Curse of Frankenstein is on DVD from Warner Home Video. The Brain That Wouldn't Die is available both on budget discs and in a more elaborate package from Synapse Films; Konga is from MGM DVD; The Awful Dr. Orlof from Image Entertainment; and The Head and Atom Age Vampire are both available on budget discs from Alpha Video. But The Head, one of the best of these films, cries out for a deluxe edition from Mondo Macabro! □



Mill of the Stone Women

Cassie Rage



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